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1. Elocution



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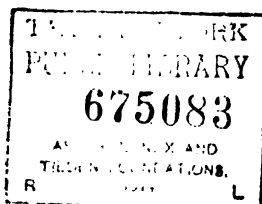
BY

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"Fenno's Favorites," for Reading and Speaking; Author of
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PREFACE.

THERE have been scores of books published containing selections for reading and speaking, but the author, in common with the public, has long felt the need of something different from what has yet appeared,—a book containing only the best—the choicest productions usually selected for public delivery—issued in a compact form, accompanied by a comprehensive, yet condensed, treatise on Elocution, sufficiently concise to be clearly understood, yet embracing the entire range of the subject.

To meet this want, the present volume has been prepared, with the heartfelt desire that it will fill the position for which it is designed, and prove effectual in its purpose.

It is earnestly believed that no person of fair natural abilities, by carefully studying and applying the principles presented in this book, and by giving the examples a reasonable amount of practice, can fail to become a good, effective reader and speaker.

The selection of pieces has been made with reference to their adaptation and intrinsic merit, and they will be found to cover the entire range of expression, many of them affording excellent opportunity for elocutionary effect. Each selection is accompanied by an explanatory

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note indicating the manner in which it should be delivered. This will meet the ready appreciation of students and amateur readers.

In Part I. the author has endeavored to place before the reader the true principles of *Theoretical* Elocution, and in Part IV. *Practical* Elocution will be found exemplified. The exercises for Gesture, Calisthenics and Vocal Culture, it is confidently believed, are the best of their kind; and, if they are perseveringly practiced, advancement will be the inevitable result.

In conclusion, the author will merely say that, if this little book be the means of inspiring its readers to a higher knowledge of this beautiful art, it will have performed its mission.

F. H. F.

ROY W. W. W.
J. L. L. L.
V. A. A. A.

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PART I.

THEORETICAL

"Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek !
That glorious burst of winged words !—how bound they from his
tongue !
The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong, triumphant
argument,
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine, poetic image,
The nice analogy, the clinching fact, the metaphor bold and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,
The grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind !"—TUPPER.

THEORY OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution consists in the utterance or expression of thought.

As a true Artist imitates Nature, not as she is, but as she should be,—so it is the aim of the Elocutionist to give to thought its highest mode of expression.

Thought may be conveyed by *Voice* or *Gesture*; the latter reaching the hearer through the eye—the former, through the ear.

The Voice is the principal agent by which thought is conveyed; hence, it is the basis of elocution.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation consists in a distinct and correct utterance of the elementary sounds. These sounds, formed by the organs of speech, are forty-six in number, and they are divided into *Vocal Sounds*, *Aspirate Sounds* and *Combined Sounds*.

Vocal Sounds are those having vocality. They are twenty-one in number, viz. :

ā, ate.	ē, earn.	ū, use.
ā, arm.	ē, end.	ū, up.
ā, all.	ī, ice.	ū, urn.
ā, at.	ī, it.	oo, ooze.
ā, air.	ō, old.	oo, book.
ā, ask.	o, orb.	oi, oil.
ē, eve.	ō, on.	ou, out.

NOTE.—Care should be taken to give ā, ē, ī, ō and ū very short; to pronounce ā (which is a sound between ā and ā) as *clearly* as possible, in order to obtain its pure, ringing sound; and to preserve the distinction between ā or ā and ā, ē and ē, ā and ō, ū and ū. These sounds approach each other very nearly, but a careful ear will readily perceive the fine distinctions existing.

Aspirate Sounds are those produced by the breath only. They are ten in number, viz. :

f, fur.	k, kid.	s, sat.	ch, chat.	th, 'thin.
h, her.	p, pay.	t, ten.	sh, she.	wh, when.

Combined Sounds are those which are produced by both voice and breath. They are fifteen in number, viz. :

b, bay.	l, lay.	v, vane.	z, azure.
d, day.	m, may.	w, way.	th, they.
g, gay.	n, nay.	y, yea.	ng, long.
j, jay.	r, rare.	z, zone.	

NOTE.—*R* may be slightly and delicately trilled when it precedes a vowel. In the word “roar” the second *r* is much softer and lighter than the first,—the two may be distinguished as *hard* and *soft*.

The following subdivisions are also made :

Labial : B-ay, P-ay, M-ay, W-ay, V-ane, F-ur.

Palatal : C-a-k-e, G-ay, Y-ea.

Pure Aspirate : H-er.

Nasal : N-ay, lo-ng.

Lingual : L-ay, R-oa-r.

Dental : D-ay, T-en, Th-in, TH-ey, A-s-ure, Sh-e, C-ea-s-e, Z-one; J-ay, Ch-at.

NOTE.—The above lists of words and sounds should be practiced often, always taking care to give them *correctly* and *forcibly*. After the vowel sounds are thoroughly mastered, and ease and accuracy are acquired in the use of the consonant combinations, the voice will have received a polish and a degree of refinement that will command attention and respect wherever it may be heard.

Too much attention cannot be given to the subject of Articulation, for on this depend correct pronunciation and the ability to speak in such a manner as to be readily understood. Frequent practice on difficult combinations will give facility in articulation. Always be careful to give every letter correctly, especially when the letter has its short sound, as *i* in *ability*—*e* in *solemn*. Do not say “sol~~u~~m” “ab~~i~~l~~u~~ty.” Always be on the alert for errors in your own pronunciation,—the dictionary should be freely consulted.

The following exercises will be found useful in training the vocal organs to readily adapt themselves to difficult pronunciation :

TABLE OF EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

I. Pronounce forcibly :

1. Bubble, *bĭst, bla, bĭdst, bls* (Bubbl'st, bubbled, etc.)
 Handle, *dĭst, dĭd, dĭdst, dls.*
 Harden, *dnst, dnst, dnd, dndst.*
 Tangle, *glst, gla, glĭst, gls.*
 Trifle, *flst, fld, flĭst, fls.*
 Rustle, *slst, slĭ, slĭst, sls.*
 Barb, *rbst, rbd, rbĭst, rbs.*
 Hurl, *rlst, rld, rldst, rls.*
 Warm, *rmst, rmd, rmdst, rms, rmtk*
 Burn, *rnst, rmd, rndst, rnt, rns.*
 Curve, *rust, rud, rudst, run.*
 Harp, *rps, rpsst, rpt, rptst.*
 Drivel, *vĭst, vĭd, vĭdst, vls.*
 Muzzle, *zĭst, zĭd, zĭdst, zls.*
 Buckle, *kĭst, kĭd, kĭdst, bls.*
 Darken, *knst, knĭ, knĭst, kns.*
 Ripple, *plst, plĭ, plĭst, pls.*
 Settle, *tĭst, tĭd, tĭdst, tls.*

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| 2. <i>lms, elms.</i> | <i>rms, charms.</i> | <i>sps, asps.</i> |
| <i>ldz, holds.</i> | <i>rud, curved.</i> | <i>spt, grasped.</i> |
| <i>rbd, orbed.</i> | <i>rvs, serves.</i> | <i>sts, asks.</i> |
| <i>rdz, words.</i> | <i>cht, arched.</i> | <i>skt, asked.</i> |
| <i>rgd, verged.</i> | <i>ps, lips.</i> | <i>sts, boasts.</i> |
| <i>rld, hurled.</i> | <i>pt, kept.</i> | <i>ths, truths.</i> |
| <i>rlz, pearls.</i> | <i>kt, acts.</i> | <i>tht, withed.</i> |
| <i>rmd, harmed.</i> | <i>sm, chasm.</i> | <i>sns, prisons.</i> |

II. Practice the following sentences until absolute correctness and a reasonable degree of rapidity are acquired:

1. When thou shoutedst the sixth time, I was saying to the hosts,
 "What whimpering coward is there among you who would not lay
 down his life to suppress slavery!"

2. Thou turnedst, graspedst, countedst, rushedst forth and disappearedst.

3. Amidst the mists, and coldest frosts,
 With stoutest wrists, and loudest boasts,
 He thrusts his fists against the posts,
 And still insists he sees the ghosts.

4. Some shun sunshine; do you shun sunshine?
 Some sell sea-shells; do you sell sea-shells?
 I snuff shop snuff; do you snuff shop snuff?
 The sun shines on the shop signs.
 A shot silk sash shop.
 Don't run along the wrong lane.

5. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

III. Practice the long and short vowels, in this order:

ā-ā, ä-ä, ē-ē, ě-ě, ī-ī, î-î, ō-ō, ȝ-ȝ, ū-ū, ŭ-ŭ, ȳȳ-ȳȳ, ȝȝ-ȝȝ, oi-oi, ou-ou.

Then prefix *b* and *p*, thus: bā-pā, bǎ-pǎ, etc.

Prefix *d* and *t*, thus: dā-tā, dǎ-tǎ, etc.

Prefix *g* and *k*, thus: gā-kā, gǎ-kǎ, etc.

Prefix *j* and *ch*, thus: jā-chā, jǎ-chǎ, etc.

Prefix *v* and *f*, thus: vā-fā, vǎ-fǎ, etc.

This exercise may be varied and extended at pleasure by increasing the number of syllables, changing the accent and introducing the following sounds: *l, n; w, y; gs, ks; th, TH, dr, bl, pl, dw, gr, kr*, etc.

NOTE.—Excellent practice in articulation is obtained by reading aloud, slowly and distinctly, taking care (1) that the body of sound (the sound of the vowels) is correct, (2) that all the consonants not necessarily silent are properly enunciated, and (3) that all short vowels have their proper sound.

The selections *Samuel Short's Success* and the *Cataract of Lodore* furnish a rich field for this practice.

Reading in a pure whisper, throwing the sound to a great distance, will give strength and flexibility to the organs of speech.

MODULATION.

Modulation consists in such a use of the voice as will convey the thought in the best manner. It has reference to *Quality, Melody, Form, Force, Time and Stress.*

QUALITY OF VOICE.

The Quality, or kind of voice, may be Pure or Impure. In ordinary conversation, reading or speaking, we should always use the *Pure*; but, in expressing *fear, anger, contempt, hatred, loathing*, etc., we should employ a different quality of tone. When we feel the influence of these passions, we can easily make use of the proper form, but we should so control our voice that, in reading or speaking, in the absence of passion, we can *assume* the tone best adapted to give expression to the sentiment.

The Pure quality is used in all cases when there is not a demand for the Impure. Great attention should be given to the cultivation of the conversational voice, until a habit of correct speech is acquired. This tone should always be full, rich and resonant. Of it, there are two varieties—the *Simple* and the *Orotund*.

The Simple Pure is used in ordinary conversation, reading and speaking.

EXAMPLES.

1. And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

2. Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue—
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

The Orotund is a full, round tone used in expressing grandeur, awe, sublimity, courage, reverence, veneration and other holy emotions.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!

2. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers—whence are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty—the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave!

The Impure quality of voice is used to express the action of the baser passions. It is also used in mimicry. The Impure Qualities are the Aspirate, Pectoral, Guttural and Falsetto.

The Aspirate is the intense whisper, with little or no vocality. It is used to denote fear, secrecy, great caution, etc.

EXAMPLES.—(*Pure, or Whisper*). 1. Soldiers, you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them slumbering around their watch-fires, and entirely unprepared for our attack. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death.

2. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river. We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats. I see the head of their column already rising over the height. Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it; be silent; and stoop as you run. For the boats! Forward!

VOCAL ASPIRATE.

1. Hark! what was that? Hark! Hark to the shout!

2. And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin.

The Pectoral is the deep tone of despair and anger. It is used to denote great solemnity, and in describing the supernatural. It is orotund, very low in pitch, and is formed wholly in the throat.

EXAMPLES.

1. O, I have passed a miserable night—
So full of fearful dreams and ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time.

2. The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crisped and sear,
The leaves they were withering and sear.
It was night in the lonesome October,
Of my most immemorial year,
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber
In the misty mid region of Wier.
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Wier.

The Guttural is a harsh throat-tone, lacking the orotund quality of the Pectoral—the language of hatred, intense anger, loathing and contempt.

EXAMPLES.

- I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
-
2. "Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"

The Falsetto is a shrill, high-pitched tone, used in expressing pain or terror. It is also employed in imitating the female voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy peach,
Cries, "Help, kind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees
On the green—baize, beneath the—canvas—trees.

2. "Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
 "I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd*;
 Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
 Say *our* cow house, *our* barn yard, *our* pig pen."
 "By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
 Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
 "Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed, in a rage.
 "I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"
3. "Goodwife," quoth John, "did you see that moose?
 Whar sorra was the cat?"
 "A mouse?"—"Ay, a moose."—"Na, na, Guidman,
 It wasna a mouse, 'twas a rat.
 I've seen more mice than you, Guidman—
 An' what think ye o' that?
 Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
 I tell ye it was a rat."

MELODY.

Melody in Elocution is the effect produced upon the ear by the succession of vocal notes. It has reference to Pitch, Slides, and Cadence.

Pitch relates to the elevation or depression of the tone. It varies according to the sentiment. It may be Natural, Low or High.

Natural Pitch is used in all ordinary discourse.

EXAMPLES.

1. England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
 He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating
 hair;
 He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold
 and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring
 to-night."

2. When Music (heavenly maid!) was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting—trembling—raging—fainting;
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed—delighted, raised, refined.

Low Pitch is used in language serious, grave, sublime, grand, solemn, reverential and vehement.

EXAMPLES.

1. I had a dream that was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air
2. Silence how dead, and darkness how profound.
No eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

High Pitch is used to express sentiment lively, joyous or impassioned. It is also characteristic of fear and grief.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride;
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried.
2. O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal.
3. *Victory! Victory!* is the shout.

SLIDES.

Slides are inflections of the voice, used to prevent monotony and to give better expression to the idea. They are *Ascending* and *Descending*; both are united in the *Circumflex*.

In music, the ascent or descent is made by distinct steps; but, in speech, the voice is bent more or less upward or downward. These changes are continually taking place, except in the monotone, and they give *expression* to the voice.

Ascending Slides denote uncertainty, doubt, interrogation, and incompleteness of idea.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hast thou ever known the feeling
 I have felt, when I have seen,
 'Mid the tombs of aged heroes,
 Memories of what hath been—
 What it is to view the present
 In the light of by-gone days;
 From an eminence to ponder
 Human histories and ways?

2. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
 That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he his notes as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?

Descending Slides indicate positiveness, determination, or a completion of the thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I!

2. Knaves, stand aside!
 I'll have my freedom, or I'll die!

The Circumflex (Rising \smile or Falling \frown), is used to denote surprise or to express a secondary meaning, which may be in harmony with or directly opposite to that conveyed by the words.

EXAMPLES.

1. *What? shear a wolf, a prowling wolf?*
2. *"My father's trade! now really, that's too bad!*
 My father's trade! Why, blockhead, are you mad?
 My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

Cadence is the tone with which a sentence terminates. According to the sentiment, it may have the ascending or the descending slide, the rising or the falling circumflex; or it may *vanish* with no slide whatever. A sentence expressing a complete thought, having no modifying phrase or clause, and not affected by anything preceding or following it, should always terminate with a downward inflection; but, when so modified, it should close with a tone adapted to the connection of meaning.

The reader should study variety, and avoid uniformity in closing sentences. Practice the following with (1) the *vanish*, or absence of slide; (2) slight rising inflection; (3) full rising inflection; (4) slight falling inflection; (5) full falling slide; (6) rising circumflex; (7) falling circumflex:

"For weeks the clouds had raked the hills."

NOTE.—It will be remembered that there are infinite variations in **Pitch, Force, Time and Slides**. For instance, in **Pitch** we have *Natural, Low and High*, but one word may require a tone much higher than another, though the lower may be above the *Natural*. All varieties of **Pitch** that vary from the *Natural* are designated as *High or Low*; the degree must be determined by the judgment of the reader.

FORM.

Form of voice may be *Natural, Effusive, Expulsive,* or *Explosive*.

The Natural is that ordinarily used in conversation.

EXAMPLES.

1. 'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard-of than ever before.

2. I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the new-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

The Effusive is a very light, gentle form, usually characterized by the swell (◀). It is used in expressing that which is beautiful, tranquil or pathetic. It is characteristic of lofty sentiment not requiring vigorous expression.

EXAMPLES.

1. How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care.

2. Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

The Expulsive (<) is a forcible utterance expressive of determination and intensity of feeling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Up all, and shout for Rudiger—
DEFIANCE UNTO DEATH.
2. Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

The Explosive (>) is used in vehement language and in powerful description. It usually manifests itself in the bursting of the voice on a single word.

EXAMPLES.

- Men, at some time, are *masters* of their fates.
2. "Halt!"—the dust-brown rank stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

FORCE.

Force, or power of the voice, is of three kinds—Natural, Heavy and Gentle.

Natural Force is that most commonly used in speaking or reading.

EXAMPLES.

1. We are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look-out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold.
And ate and drank—and starved together.

2. 'Tis easy to stand on a vessel's deck,
 On a vessel snug and trim,
 And watch the foam from her flashing wake,
 And the rainbow bubbles swim;
 'Tis easy enough to climb the mast
 When hushed the billow's war,
 And zephyrs play
 With the pennon gay
 That floats with the highest spar.

Heavy Force is used in grand description and in conveying any idea of power.

EXAMPLES.

1. The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
 And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
 And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
 Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
 And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
 Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath.
2. Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue.
3. As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State-house,
 So they surged against the door.

Gentle Force is used in tender and pathetic description, and in all cases where a subdued form is necessary to correctly express the sentiment.

EXAMPLES.

1. Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
 Her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves,—

So, without sound of music,
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain crown
 The great procession swept.

2.

Hush-a-bye, Lilian,
 Rock to thy rest;
 Be thy life, little one,
 Evermore blest.

Once has the changing moon
 Waned in the skies
 Since little Lilian
 Opened her eyes.

Once has the crescent moon
 Shone in the west
 On little Lilian
 Taking her rest.

TIME.

Time has reference to *Quantity, Rate, and Pause.*

Quantity is the amount of time given to a word. It may be Natural, Long, or Short.

Natural Quantity is that usually given to words in unemotional language.

EXAMPLE.

There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skillful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

Long Quantity is used in expressing that which is grand, sublime, gloomy or horrible.

EXAMPLES.

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!

2. I had a dream which was not all a dream,
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.

Short Quantity is used to express sentiment light, joyous, gay and brisk. It also expresses haste, fear, command, indignation, etc.

EXAMPLES.

1. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Rate is the degree of rapidity or slowness with which several successive words are uttered. It may be *Natural*, *Slow* or *Fast*.

Natural Rate is that which a person naturally uses in reading or speaking.

EXAMPLES.

1. O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.
Woods and cornfields a little brown,
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

2. What a fascination there is in really good reading! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

Slow Rate may denote horror and awe; it should be used in language serious, sublime, and pathetic.

EXAMPLES.

1. By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Grey.
2. Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Fast Rate is used to express sentiment, lively, joyous, impassioned and vehement.

EXAMPLES.

1. And see! she stirs!
 She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms.

2. Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love; fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
 crest,
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Pause is the suspension of the voice. *Poetic and Oratorical* Pauses express emotion, *Rhetorical* Pauses are those demanded by the sense and structure of a sentence, *Grammatical* Pauses are those indicated by the usual marks of punctuation, and *Prosodial* Pauses are those used only in verse. But in this connection it is thought best to make three divisions, viz.: *Natural Pause*, *Long Pause*, and *Short Pause*.

Natural Pause is used in unimpassioned language and ordinary description.

EXAMPLE.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime?
 By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks into a thousand flowers;
 This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Long Pause usually accompanies slow rate or a change of sentiment, and marks a suspension of the sense.

EXAMPLE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again. But it is going from us. It sounds fainter—still fainter. It is gone.

Short Pause accompanies fast rate, and is characteristic of haste, fear, etc.

EXAMPLE.

John, be quick! Get some water! Throw the powder overboard! It cannot be reached! Jump into the boat, then! Shove off! There goes the powder—thank Heaven, we are safe!

STRESS.

Stress has much to do with the power, beauty and general effect of a sentence. It is that finishing, polishing touch which causes the thought to stand out in relief—throwing it vividly upon the background, with its profile well defined, its lights and shadows harmoniously blended—rendering it complete, beautiful and symmetrical.

There are six distinct kinds of Stress, viz.: *Initial, Final, Median, Compound, Thorough and Tremulous.*

Initial Stress (➤) is an explosive force on the first part of a syllable or word. It is characteristic of lively, joyous description.

EXAMPLES.

1. There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
2. I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

The Final Stress (<) is an explosive force on the latter part of a syllable or word. It is used in expressing defiance, determination, or intensity of feeling or purpose.

EXAMPLES.

1. A breath of submission we *breathe* not;
The sword we have drawn we will *sheathe* not.
2. "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"
"I *dare*, to him, and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."

Median Stress or the Swell (<—>), characteristic of the *Orotund* Quality and *Effusive* Form, is most marked in the sublime, but it is found in all classes of literature, sometimes occurring on a single word and again continuing through an entire sentence.

EXAMPLES.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
2. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed
the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art
God.
3. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting
doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Compound Stress (><) is a union of the Initial and Final in one word. It is indicative of surprise, irony and determination.

EXAMPLES

1. *Gone* to be married! *Gone* to swear a peace!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanche*, and *Blanche* these *provinces*?
2. And this *man*
Is now become a *god*.

3. *I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak :
 I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not :
 I'll have no speaking : I'll have my bond.*

Thorough Stress (□) *is an abrupt heavy force, used in command, fearlessness and braggadocio.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Blaze, with your serried columns !
 I will not bend the knee !
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
2. " I scorn forgiveness, haughty man !
 You've injured me before the clan,
 And naught but blood shall wipe away
 The shame I have endured to-day !"

Tremulous or Intermittent Stress (~~~) *is used in fear, joy and laughter, in the broken voice of sorrow, and in imitation of the feeble voice of old age.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray,
 And why does thy nose look so blue ?
 "'Tis the weather is cold, 'tis I've grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new, well-a-day."
2. A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
 And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
 She prayed to her God, 'mid the hurricane wild,
 " O Father, have mercy, look down on my child !"

NOTE.—The "royal road" to success in reading lies in a true conception of the spirit of the piece, and a faithful delineation of the author's meaning.

Endeavor to grasp the ideas, make them a part of yourself, and clothe your hearers with them. Do not allow your audience to grope blindly for that which you are trying to express, but let your own soul enter into the work, and make the thought so apparent that your hearers cannot fail to comprehend the entire meaning.

Another element of power lies in *playing upon* words and giving them their full individual expression. For instance, the word *firm* should usually be spoken in a firm tone of voice, *strong* in a strong tone, *light* in a light tone, *grand* in a manner conveying an idea of grandeur. *Old, sweet, long, gay, cold, deep, dark, fierce, wild, horrid, mad, cool, hot, young, black, timid, bold, roar, whisper, thunder, growl, laugh, rise, sink, blow, roll, murmur, titter, babble, gush, burst, dash, dance, breathe, ripple*—these and all similar words may be rendered infinitely more expressive by giving each word its own peculiar individual character.

GESTURE.

Gesture is that part of *Elocution* which appeals to the eye. It relates to *Position* and *Movements*.

Position of the body should be in harmony with the character of the thought. Vigorous expression requires a firm posture; beauty of sentiment, a graceful attitude. The position should be changed, not too often, as quietly and with as few movements as possible. The *arms*, when not in use, should hang easily by the sides, and one foot should be slightly in advance, the *head* being held naturally erect.

The speaker should always take his position near the front of the stage, in order to be the better seen and heard.

In reading, always stand or sit erect, with the lungs well inflated.

Movements of the body are necessary to give character to the delivery, but they must be natural, graceful and appropriate.

The **Head** should maintain an easy position and allow the eyes to move deliberately over the audience. Do not stare into vacancy while before a company, but fix your gaze upon the individuals composing the assemblage.

Avoid an excessive use of the head, both in reading and speaking. In reading, the eyes should be raised from the book as much as possible. Practice will give facility in reading long sentences with a single glance at the book.

The *Expression of the face* should reflect the character of the thought.

The **Hands** in gesture should be used easily and gracefully. Frequent practice before a mirror will be advantageous in securing freedom and grace of movement.

The hands may be *Supine, Prone, Vertical, Pointing* and *Clenched*.

The **Supine Hand** lies easily opened, with the palm upward. It is the common form for gesture.

The **Prone Hand** is opened, with the palm downward. It is used to denote negative assertions, superposition, etc.

The **Vertical Hand** is opened, with the palm outward from the speaker. It is used in warding off and in denoting a limit.

The **Pointing Hand**, forefinger extended, is used in designating or pointing out any particular thing or place. *Ordinarily* the hand is loosely opened, but, when the gesture is *emphatic*, it is tightly closed

The **Clenched Hand** denotes intense action of the will or of the passions.

The **Arms** should be used naturally and with decision. In forcible utterance they move in straight lines; in

graceful expression, they move in curves, but even in the curves they should show that they are servants sent to perform certain duties, and that they are guided in every motion by a power beyond themselves.

Sometimes, in familiar gesture, the forearm only is used, but ordinarily the arm moves freely from the shoulder.

Hand and Arm Gestures are made in four general directions, viz.: *Front*, *Oblique*, *Lateral* and *Backward*. Each of these is subdivided into *Horizontal*, *Descending* and *Ascending*.

Front gestures are used to designate or to illustrate that which is near to us, whether it be an object, a thought or a feeling. In addressing an object, real or ideal, we suppose it to be placed in the direction of the Front gesture.

Oblique gestures are less emphatic and more general in their application than the Front gestures. They relate to things indefinitely.

Lateral gestures denote expansion, extreme distance, breadth; or the placing of persons, objects or ideas in contrast one with another.

Backward gestures indicate things remote, obscure or hidden.

Horizontal gestures are employed in general allusions; they indicate a level or equality, and belong to the realm of the Intellect.

Descending gestures denote inferiority or inequality, and, when emphatic, they show determination and purpose. They belong to the Will.

Ascending gestures denote superiority, greatness, an unfolding or lifting up figuratively or literally. They belong to the Imagination.

NOTE.—Two important points :

I. Make all gestures with decision—when the gesture is completed, let the arm fall slowly to the side—*never allow the arms to swing.*

II. Practice until graceful gesture becomes natural.

EXERCISES IN GESTURE.

Practice on the following exercises cannot fail to give ease and grace to the movements of the arm and hand. The letters refer to the direction of the gesture, which should be made upon the word or syllable printed in *italics*.

This list of exercises is not presented as original.

RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

D. F. This sentiment I will maintain with the last breath of *life*.

H. F. I appeal to *you*, sir, for your decision.

A. F. I appeal to the great searcher of *hearts* for the truth of what I utter.

D. O. Of all mistakes, *none* are so fatal as those which we incur through prejudice.

H. O. Truth, honor, *justice* were his motives.

A. O. Fix your eye on the prize of a truly *noble* ambition.

D. L. *Away* with an idea so absurd.

H. L. The breeze of morning wafted *incense* on the air.

A. L. In dreams thro' camp and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror.

D. B. Away with an idea so abhorrent to humanity.

H. B. Search the records of the remotest *antiquity* for a parallel to this.

A. B. Then rang their proud *hurrah*.

RIGHT HAND PRONE.

D. F. Put *down* the unworthy feeling.

H. F. *Restrain* the unhallowed propensity.

D. O. Let every one who would merit the Christian name *repress* such a feeling.

H. O. I charge you as men and as Christians to lay a *restraint* on all such dispositions.

A. O. Ye gods, *withhold* your vengeance.

D. L. The hand of affection shall smooth the *surf* for your last pillow

H. L. The cloud of adversity threw its gloom over all his *prospects*.

A. L. So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud that swathes, as with a purple *shroud*, Benledi's distant hill.

RIGHT HAND VERTICAL.

H. F. Arise ! meet and *repel* the foe !

A. F. *Forbid* it, Lord of Heaven !

H. O. His arm warded *off* the blow.

A. O. May Heaven *avert* the calamity !

H. L. Out of my *sight*, thou serpent !

H. B. Away, delusive phantom,

BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

D. F. All personal feeling he deposited on the altar of his country's good.

H. F. Listen, I implore you, to the voice of reason!

A. F. Hail! universal Lord.

D. O. Every personal advantage he surrendered to the common good.

H. O. Welcome! once more to your early home!

A. O. Hail! holy Light!

D. L. I utterly renounce all the supposed advantages of such a station.

H. L. They yet slept in the wide abyss of possibility.

A. L. Joy, joy forever!

BOTH HANDS PRONE.

D. F. Lie lightly on him, earth—his step was light on thee.

H. F. Now all the blessings of a glad father rest on thee!

A. F. Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, Most High!

D. O. We are in Thy sight but as worms of the dust.

H. O. May the grace of God abide with you forever!

A. O. And let the triple rainbow rest o'er all the mountain tops.

D. L. Here let the tumults of passion forever cease!

H. L. Spread wide around the heaven-breathing calm!

A. L. Heaven opened wide her ever-during gates.

BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

H. F. Hence, hideous spectre!

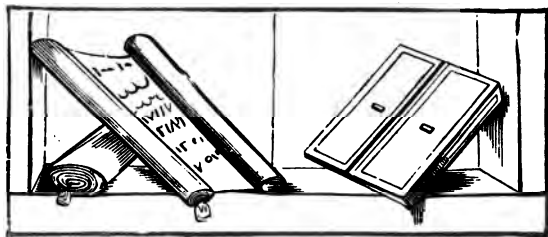
A. F. Hide your faces, holy angels!

H. O. Far from *our* hearts be so inhuman a feeling.

A. O. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

H. L. The gates of death in *sunder* break.

A. L. Melt and *dispel*, ye spectre doubts!



PART II.

VOCAL CULTURE

OUTLINE.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.	DEVELOPMENT.	HABIT.	PROPER BREATHING.
	QUALITY.	DRILL.	BREATHING EXERCISES. VOCAL DRILL. CALISTHENICS.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The **Cultivation of the voice is necessary to an easy and correct use of it.** To secure ease in its use, we *develop* it; to enable us to use it correctly, we improve its *quality*.

DEVELOPMENT.

The **Development, or increased power of the voice is secured by a proper habit of breathing, by vocal drill, and by exercises in breathing and calisthenics.**

NOTE.—In Elocution, we begin at the lowest step—breathing; after this follow, in natural order, articulation and modulation with their various subdivisions. Breathing is the simplest act we perform—we aim to render it *correct*; conversation is the next step—we endeavor to acquire a correct use of the conversational voice as the foundation of a knowledge of Elocution.

Proper Breathing consists in taking in and giving out full inspirations of pure air in such a manner as not to interfere with speech. It should be practiced until deep breathing becomes a fixed habit.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

1. Take an erect position and breathe deeply and very slowly, observing that the lungs are well filled with air at each inspiration.
2. Breathe slowly, allowing the air to escape through the mouth, raising the arms with each inflation and lowering them as the breath is expelled.
3. Take a deep inspiration and allow the breath to suddenly escape through the mouth.

4. Breathe quickly through the mouth, allowing the lungs to become filled with each breath.

5. Take a full breath, then place the hands, palms inward, just above the hips, and bend the body as far as possible without inconvenience forward, to the right, backward and to the left.

These exercises will tend to enlarge the breathing capacity and strengthen the muscles employed. In addition to an increase of vocal power, the general health cannot fail to be benefited by a judicious exercise of the breathing organs.

In Vocal Drill, the object should be to obtain a full, pure tone. The sentences under the *Simple* and *Orotund* qualities of voice may be practiced freely to secure this end.

TABLE OF EXERCISES FOR VOCAL CULTURE.

The following exercises are taken from the selections found in this book. They are designed to give purity and power to the voice, and strength and vigor to the vocal organs. They should be practiced often, not long at a time, with the best quality of voice at command. In giving the Natural and Intense Forms, be particular to employ a full, rich, resonant tone.

Natural Form.

1. Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
2. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
3. They've left the school-house, Charlie, where years ago we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat;
The hook is gone on which it hung, the master sleepeth now
Where schoolboy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his brow.

4. 'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
 One bright midsummer day,
 The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
 Swept proudly on her way.
 Bright faces clustered on the deck,
 Or, leaning o'er the side,
 Watched carelessly the feathery foam
 That flecked the rippling tide.

Intense Form.

1. Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projected spears.
2. It must not be: This day, this hour
 Annihilates the invader's power!
 All Switzerland is in the field—
 She will not fly; she cannot yield;
 She must not fall; her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
3. 'Tis a cold, bleak night! with angry roar
 The north winds beat and clamor at the door;
 The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
 Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
 The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
 But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
 Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
 Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.
4. Toll! Roland, Toll!
 Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue!

Calling Voice.

1. Hi! Harry Holly! Halt—and tell
 A fellow just a thing or two;
 You've had a furlough, been to see
 How all the folks in Jersey do.
2. "To all, the truth we tell! we tell!"
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell.
 "Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
 Our Lord has made salvation free!"

Repent, believe, have faith, and then
 Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen !
 Salvation's free, we tell ! we tell !"
 Shouted the Methodist bell.

3. Blow on ! this is the land of liberty !
4. A voice came down the wild wind—
 "Ho ! ship ahoy !" its cry :
 "Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
 Shall stand till daylight by."
 As the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry :
 "Take heart ! hold on !" he shouted,
 "The Three Bells shall stand by."
5. *Charco' ! Charco' ! Hark, o ! Hark, o !*

Transitions.

(HIGH).

1. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again ;
2. "Ye purifying waters, swell !"
 Rang out the clear-toned Baptist bell.
3. "Ring ! oh, ring for liberty !"
4. Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre !

(LOW).

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
 Of the departed year.
2. With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange and mingled air ;
 'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

3. In his dark, carved oaken chair
Sat the old baron—dead!
4. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.

Effusive Form.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary.
2. How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer.
3. Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night at the beacon in the rain.
4. How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky.
5. My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Expulsive Form.

1. "Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
2. Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
3. "Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound—
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart."

4. Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that the land was free!

Explosive Form.

1. Again to the *battle*, Achaïans!
Our hearts bid the tyrants *defiance*!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free!
For the cross of our faith is *replanted*,
The pale, dying crescent is *daunted*,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in *blood* from our forefathers' graves.
2. FIRE! FIRE! it was raging above and below.
3. *Quick! quick!* brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by Heavens! This hero must not die!
4. *Strike*—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!

Orotund Form.

1. By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
2. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
3. The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

- 4 Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Tremulous Form.

1. O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say.
2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh, give relief! and heaven will bless your store.
3. O, my son Absalom! My son Absalom!
Would God I had died for thee. O,
Absalom, my son, my son!
4. My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give—Well-a-day!"

SPECIAL MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

MELODY, TRANSITION AND HARMONY.

FOR CLASS OR PRIVATE PRACTICE.

[NOTE OF EXPLANATION.—In the following exercises the symbols used are thus explained: (·) high pitch, (.) low pitch, (··) high and loud, (f) fast, (sl) slow, (—) monotone, (<) gradual increase of tone to the mark | or to the end of the sentence, (>) gradual decrease of tone. Words printed in *italics* should be played upon, those printed in SMALL CAPITALS should be given in a deep tone of voice, those printed in CAPITALS should be given with great force].

1. (sl) The sun hath set in folded clouds,
 Its twilight rays are gone;
 (.) And, gathered in the shades of night,
 The STORM is rolling on.
(Effusive) Alas! how ill that *bursting* STORM
 The fainting spirit braves,
 When they, the lovely and the lost,
 Are gone to early graves!

2. ~~~~~ Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

3. (sl) When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
 (f) Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main.

4. Oh! Mona's waters are *blue* and *bright*
 When the sun *shines* out like a *gay* young lover;
 (.) But Mona's waters are *dark* as night
 When the face of heaven is clouded over.
 The *wild* wind *drives* the crested foam
 Far up the *steep* and rocky mountain,
 And *booming* echoes *drown* the voice,
 The *silvery* voice, of Mona's fountain.

5. (➤) The lingering ray
 Of dying day
 Sinks deeper down and fades away.

6. (➤) A faint light gleams,
 A light that seems
 To grow and grow till Nature teems
 With mellow haze.

7. (➤) But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

8. (➤) The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low.

9. "Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lea,
 "Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
 "They see us, they see us, the signal is waved!
 They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us;
 Huzza! we are saved!"

10. For weeks the clouds had raked the hills.
11. Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!
12. Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
(>) Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
13. Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
14. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells! * *
Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells! * *
Hear the loud alarm bells—
Brazen bells! * *
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells! * *
15. Rejoice, you men of Angiers! ring your bells:
King John, your King and England's, doth approach—
Open your gates, and give the victors way!
16. "In deeds of love excell! excell!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell. * *
"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell. * *
"Ye purifying waters, swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell. * *
"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell. * *
"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell. * *
"To all, the truth we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell.
17. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you—
trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players
do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines.
18. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and
have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could
remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

19. (sl) And thou, O, silent mountain, sole and bare,
 O, blacker than the darkness, all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars—
 (Initial Stress) (◀) Or when they climb the sky, (|) or when they sink—
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald! *wake*, oh! *wake* and utter praise!
 (◁) Ye ice-falls! ye that from your dizzy heights
 Adown enormous ravines steeply slope, |
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 (—) Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 (◊) Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who with flowers
 Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
 GOD! GOD! the torrents like a shout of nations
 Utter: the ice-plain *bursts* and answers GOD.

20. (◊) To the deep, (◊) To the deep;
 (◊) Down, (◊) Down;
 (◀) Through the shades of sleep—
 Through the cloudy strife
 Of death and of life;
 Through the veil and the bar
 Of things that seem and are;
 Even to the steps of the remotest THRONE.
 (◊) Down! Down! (◊) Down!

21. (◊) Oh time! Oh life! (◊) Oh world!
 (◊) On whose last steps I climb.
 (◊) Trembling at that where I had stood before.
 (◊) When will return the glory of your prime?
 (◊) No more! oh, never more.

22. (◊) There is a silence
 (◊) (◊) where hath been no sound;
 (◊) There is a silence
 (◊) where no sound may be;
 In the *cold* grave, under the DEEP, DEEP sea,
 Or in *wide* desert,
 (◊) where no life is found;
 (◊) Which hath been mute,
 (◊) and still must sleep profound.
 (—) No voice is hushed, no foot treads silently;
 (◊) But clouds and *cloudy shadows* wander free,
 That never spoke over idle ground—

- (—) But in green ruins, in the desolate walls of antique
palaces,
Where man hath been,
Though the dun fox and wild hyena call,
And owls that flit continually between
SHRIEK | to the *echo*, and the low winds *moan*;
There the true silence is self-conscious and alone.

23. * * A banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"
* * And like a silver clarion rung—
"Excelsior!"
* * And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"
* * And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"
* * But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!" * *
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!" * *
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!" * *
A voice fell, like a falling star—
"Excelsior!" * *

24. (—) HIGH on a THRONE of ROYAL state, which FAR
Outshone the WEALTH of ORMUS and of Ind,
Or WHERE the gorgeous east, with richest hand
SHOWERS on her kings, BARBARIC pearls and gold,
SATAN exalted sat
(Repeat).

25. Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege.
I do DEFY him and I SPIT at him,
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
□ Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes most falsely doth he LIE.

TABLE OF CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

EXERCISE I.—FREE ARM EXERCISE.

Close the hands and allow them to rest easily on the chest, elbows down. Count to eight, and with every odd number throw the arm forcibly in the direction indicated, allowing it to return on the even count. Begin with the *right* hand, making four movements (eight counts); then use the *left* hand; then both hands *simultaneously*; then both hands *alternately*, letting them both rest on the last count.

1. *Throw the hands downward.*
2. *Throw the hands laterally.*
3. *Throw the hands upward.*
4. *Throw the hands front.*

EXERCISE II.—SUPINE HAND EXERCISE.

Place the hands in the same position, use slower time, throwing out the arms gracefully in a curved line, allowing the hands to open easily as they are thrown out, and to close as they return.

1. *Throw the hands downward.*
2. *Throw the hands laterally.*
3. *Throw the hands upward.*
4. *Throw the hands front.*

EXERCISE III.—CLAPPING EXERCISE.

Position same as before, similar to Exercise I; throw out the *right* hand twice, then the *left* hand twice, both hands *together* twice, then clap the hands three times.

1. *Downward.*
2. *Laterally.*
3. *Upward.*
4. *Front.*

EXERCISE IV.—WAVE MOVEMENT.

Place the tips of the fingers upon the shoulders; throw out the hands as in Exercise II.

1. *Upward.*
2. *Laterally.*
3. *Downward.*

EXERCISE V.—HEAD MOVEMENTS.

1. Count as before, throwing the head *forward* twice, *backward* twice, then *alternately* four times, making sixteen counts in all.
2. Use sixteen counts and throw the head to the *right*, to the *left*, and *alternate*.

EXERCISE VI.—BODY MOVEMENTS.

1. Bend the body *forward* twice, *backward* twice, then *alternate*.
2. Turn the body to the *right* twice, to the *left* twice, then *alternate*.

EXERCISE VII.—LYRE MOVEMENT.

Place the tips of the fingers upon the shoulders, throw the arms *outward* bringing the hands back with the fingers resting upon the top of the head; then throw the arms *upward*, bringing the hands back to the shoulders. Repeat this eight times.

EXERCISE VIII.—CIRCLE MOVEMENTS.

1. Let the closed hands rest upon the chest ; at the first count, *drop* both hands and allow them to return by a wide sweep, making a circle with each hand. Repeat this four times.

2. *Raise* the hands, letting them sweep downward in a circle and return to their places. Eight counts.

3. Raise both hands and allow them to sweep to the *right*, making a circle. Eight counts.

4. Raise both hands and allow them to circle to the *left*. Eight counts.

5. Same as 1, except that the left hand follows half a circle behind the right.

6. Same as 2, left hand half a circle behind.

7. Same as 3, left hand behind.

8. Same as 4, left hand behind.

EXERCISE IX.—DUMB BELL MOVEMENT.

Place the closed hands upon the chest, and throw them both out as indicated, twice in each direction.

1. *Downward.*

2. *Laterally.*

3. *Upward.*

4. *Front.*

5. *Both hands to the right.*

6. *Both hands to the left.*
7. *Right hand upward, left hand downward.*
8. *Left hand upward, right hand downward.*

NOTE.—The object of the foregoing exercises is to secure grace and freedom of movement. They should all be given with vigor and decision, avoiding a feeble, listless manner, which will thwart the purpose in view.

Frequent practice and proper attention to this exercise will enable one to acquire facility and ease in gesticulation, and give to the body a degree of grace, strength and elasticity that would be attained in no other way.

If the above exercises be accompanied with music, the effect will be quite pleasing.



PART III.

HELPS TO THE STUDY

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. 'Pray you, avoid it.'—HAMLET.

HELPS TO THE STUDY.

IMPORTANCE.

It is impossible to zealously pursue any branch of knowledge without a realization of its importance. No work can be cheerfully performed without an expectation of some good arising from it, either to ourselves or to another. We labor not from a love for exertion, but from a desire to produce results. These results may be in the form of a remuneration to us, or a benefaction to mankind in general, or to one or more persons in particular. In any case, we are prompted by an expectation of a reward in some shape, and this anticipation gives us a zest in our work. It is this that gives us a zeal and ambition to excel in whatever we may be engaged. The business man is actuated by the same impulse; the professional man, the statesman, the man of letters, all labor for one common end.

The student is not exempt from the general law. His toil is arduous and incessant. The wearying strain of brain and nerve finds a recompense in the reward of his daily exertions, in the constant growth of his intellectuality, in the continued development of his reflective and perceptive powers, and his increased activity of mind. His brain expands under the influence of a training designed to bring out his latent capabilities. This training is varied to meet the peculiar requirements of each individual case. The instruction and drill may be for the purpose of strengthening the brain and enabling it to work with greater accuracy and rapidity; it may be for the purpose of filling the mind with facts, and so training it that it may retain them; it may be for the purpose of developing the perceptive faculties that they may act with greater precision, or the reflective powers that thought may be evolved; it may be to skill the mind in the use of figures, the hand in the use of the pen, brush or chisel,

the eye to color, the ear to sound, the voice to music or to speech. But in all this instructing and educating process there is a specific end in view, and the greater is the ambition, the more worthy the object, the more strenuous will be the efforts put forth to attain it.

It is essential, then, that the student have at the outset an ambition, an aim; that he feel the importance of the work in which he is engaged. If this be not the case, his efforts will be inadequate to the desired result, and he will fall far short of success. Let him never pursue a study until he feels it worthy of his best efforts; and, starting with this inspiration, he can hardly fail to reach the coveted goal. Let no one teach without a hearty sympathy with the pupil in his desire for improvement.

There is no branch of education more important than that which treats of the expression of thought—not even the production of thought itself. Man must think; no lack of education can prevent him. As all have thoughts, all will express those thoughts as best they can. Education will give men deeper thought, more methodical habits in thinking, more logical connection in the ideas. He who is taught how to express himself in words (either spoken or written) will, if he practice expression, improve his thoughts thereby. This is seen in the admitted fact of practice making perfect in composition. Teach one how to think by filling his mind with facts and laws of reasoning and logic, and teach another how to write or speak, and the latter will by and by surprise you with the better production, containing undoubtedly the better thoughts. If there is a tendency in the educational system of the present day to devote too great an amount of time and labor to the evolving of thought, and too little to its written and vocal expression, it is due to present and future generations that it be speedily corrected.

Elocution (Latin *elocutio*, from *eloqui*, to speak out, express or declare; from *e*, out, and *loqui*, to speak—*Webster*) is the act of expressing our feelings and ideas. It is the manner of speaking. Our elocution may naturally be good, or it may not. If good, it can be made still better; if poor, it may be made good. He who can

speaking at all can be taught an improved style. The study of elocution is one in which none can be pronounced perfect. As in penmanship, a proficient may greatly improve by practice; and thousands are content to possess a handwriting next to illegible instead of the neat, elegant hand of which they could easily become master. So thousands are satisfied with a harsh, disagreeable voice, a careless articulation, a monotonous expression and a repulsive manner, being poor talkers, worse readers, and no speakers, when by a proper training they might have been fluent conversationalists, expressive readers, and easy (if not eloquent) speakers. How many are content to work with one talent, when they could readily possess five!

Among well-educated persons of taste and refinement how often do we find those to whom a knowledge of elocution would be invaluable, because of its power to set forth their other accomplishments! The first tones of a speaker's voice always convey an idea, favorable or unfavorable, of the speaker himself; and, if the latter, much effort will be required of him to regain the estimation so unwittingly lost. What can be more satisfactory to its possessor than a rich, clear, melodious tone, a distinct, clean-cut articulation, a perfect command of the modulations, and a pleasing style both in voice and manner! All this is possible to any one who does not possess imperfect vocal organs, and who will assiduously devote himself or herself to the study, believing it to be worthy of all efforts required to obtain a mastery of the art. Thought is divine; its expression is a divine art, and it is worthy of all labor, all culture, all enthusiasm, and all human effort. Your best expression demands your best energies in your best condition. It calls into action the noblest manhood and womanhood. The greater the soul the greater and more effective will be the vocal manifestation.

Then let students and teachers first of all be inspired by the greatness and divinity of their work, and let them labor with all enthusiasm, putting forth every effort for the speedy and certain realization of their desire.

Elocution and Rhetoric.—The study of elocution is a valuable aid to that of rhetoric. The two are inti-

mately connected, and the one should always accompany the other. The construction of a sentence implies its expression, and the expression in original discourse always pre-supposes its construction. One follows the other as cause and effect; the rhetorician can frame his sentences with much greater ease and polish if he applies a knowledge of elocution, and the elocutionist can give a more powerful and effective rendering if he build his paragraphs upon strict rhetorical rules. It is advised that all studying elocution combine with this a perfect understanding of rhetoric. Dr. Barber says, "The art of rhetoric cannot fail to derive assistance from that of elocution; since a careful consideration of the nice relations of thought in written language is constantly necessary to its practice."

The elocutionist should not devote all his talents to the rendition of other authors. He should be inventive, and apply the principles of his art to original composition. No one requires a more thorough knowledge of all subjects than the orator, and, if you aim at oratory as well as elocution, strive to make your education broad and comprehensive.

Division of the Subject.—In the study of elocution, or a gradual development of the vocal powers and a knowledge of the underlying principles, the subject naturally separates into two branches, viz., *Science* and *Art*, or *Theory* and *Practice*. Each of these has four distinct branches, viz., *Vocal Culture*, *Articulation*, *Expression* (or *Modulation*), and *Gesture*. Theoretically these should be arrived at in the order given, but practically they should be treated simultaneously.

Voice is produced by breath passing over the vocal cords, which are situated in the *larynx*, or upper portion of the windpipe. The abdominal muscles act upon the diaphragm, causing the chest cavity to enlarge. A vacuum being formed, the air rushes into the lungs. This air, after performing its office of supporting life, is expelled from the lungs, and, in its escape, it causes the elastic vocal cords to vibrate, producing the tone. When the voice is not in use, these cords lie near the sides of the larynx and do not obstruct the breath, while in speech they are thrown for-

ward into the ascending current of air. Thus we see that the organs of voice constitute a wind as well as a stringed instrument.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The Culture of the Voice should be a matter of necessity as well as the training of the mind, or the development of the hand or arm by exercise. The vocal organs become inefficient through disuse, and frequent practice is necessary to give them a readiness in adapting themselves to difficult articulation. By long neglect the tone is impaired, ease of utterance is lost, and the organs become weak. Frequent rigorous practice induces healthy activity, the voice is strengthened, and rendered pure and resonant. Female voices show, in a remarkable degree, the power that may be given them by culture. Shakespeare's lines,

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman,"

may be well in all other matters; but in elocution we like an occasional Parepa Rosa, whose clear notes were distinctly heard above a chorus of several thousand voices at the Boston Peace Jubilee.

The voice should be frequently exercised outside of conversational tones. Employ extremes of force and pitch, full rising and falling slides, musical notes, etc., to give flexibility, strength and compass. Dumb-bells and Indian clubs afford good exercise; but, unlike vocal practice, they do not enlarge the lungs, but merely the chest cavity.

Correct Breathing is an important factor in elocution, of more consequence than might be supposed. It should be so timed as not to interfere with speech; breath should be taken in only at the pauses. Study at first never to destroy the connection of the thought by a pause for breathing purposes. In long sentences, we should economize the breath as much as possible. Practice sentences with this in view for the purpose of reserving breath for the strong passages.

But proper breathing should be insisted on for a more important reason. We cannot give best expression without the full exercise of our best powers, and this requires a perfect state of health. Full breathing of pure air insures great lung capacity, vigorous circulation of the blood, and a perfect action of the vital organs. Breath bears to our lungs the fiery oxygen of the air; this is taken into the blood, and, carried by each pulsing artery, builds up and strengthens the entire system.

VOCAL PRACTICE.

Practice frequently the vocal exercises found on pages 52-62. The laughing exercise, page 58, will be found valuable. Enter into it with spirit, as a health exercise. The vowel sounds on page 21 may all be used in the same exercise, prefixing "h" to each sound in turn.

Exercise 15, on page 59, should be given with the italicised syllables in a loud, sustained calling voice, high in pitch, as clear and ringing as possible. No better practice can be found for toning the voice or improving its quality. See, however, that it is given in the Simple Pure or Orotund.

In the 16th exercise (page 59) read each line in quotations as directed in the line following, all in the calling voice, with imitative modulation. Prolong the final syllable of each, and let it seem to die away in the distance.

Read exercises 17 and 18 in a simple conversational style, avoiding anything like a "reading tone." Give the full meaning, and study to be natural.

Read exercise 24 on page 61 rapidly with high pitch, then repeat without a pause with lower pitch, repeat again and again, each time lowering the pitch; then reverse the order, and continue until high pitch is again reached. This exercise may be varied by using low pitch at first, gradually changing to high and back again to low. Take breath only at the pauses, sustain the pitch throughout each repetition, and let the transition at the end be marked.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation consists in a correct and distinct enunciation of the elementary sounds of the language. It will be found almost impossible to overestimate the value of a good articulation, and no pains should be spared by the student to perfect himself in this branch of the art. Though nowhere else will practice be found so dry and uninteresting, yet the results of a rigorous application will well repay the learner for the tediousness of the drill, and a proper enthusiasm will make even this pleasant and agreeable. Great care and patience are here required, but a fine voice and a perfect enunciation will be their own reward.

A dignified presence commands respect; so does a refined articulation. The man or woman of culture is soonest recognized by the voice and manner. No display of silks and diamonds can compensate for the absence of a pure tone and a pleasing articulation. This will not come of itself; it requires continued, repeated drill day after day until a correct habit is formed; then it becomes second nature.

The Organs of Articulation are the tongue, lips, palate and teeth, forming the Lingual, Labial, Palatal and Dental sounds respectively. These organs, like valves, act either singly or together upon the stream of breath issuing from the larynx, and mould sound into speech. The mouth cavity and nasal cavity assist in modifying the tone of voice, giving it character and resonance.

Sounds of the voice are divided into three classes, viz., Vocal, Aspirate and Combined. Those which are not interrupted by the articulate organs are of the first class. These are the vowel sounds. They may be whispered, yet their characteristic is vocality. They are produced wholly in the larynx, and vocal culture should give them a *chest resonance*, deepening their tone and adding to their dignity and character.

Those of the second class, *Aspirate Sounds*, have no tone or vocality—they consist of breath only, modified

by the organs of articulation. *H* is a pure aspirate, it being an uninterrupted flow of breath. *F* is an impure aspirate, labio-dental, because it is breath acted upon by the teeth and lips.

The third class, *Combined Sounds*, consist of tone modified by the organs of articulation, as the sound of *b* in *boy*, *g* in *go*. They differ from the Impure Aspirates in being voice or tone, instead of breath.

Cognates are those sounds which occur in pairs, one vocalized and the other not, but both having the same articulate modification. As breath is the foundation of all voice, let us take the Pure Aspirate *h* as the simplest sound, though having no tone or vocality. This is made by a single forcibly expelled breath. If the same breath be modified by the lips, it becomes the labial *p*; if vocalized, the labial *b*, a cognate of *p*. If modified by the teeth, we have the dental *t*, or if vocalized, its dental cognate *d*. When modified by the palate, we have the palatal cognates *k* and *g*. A modification by the tongue gives the lingual *l* without a cognate. Both tongue and teeth give the labio-dental cognates *th* (as in *thin*) and *th* (as in *they*). With lips and teeth we obtain the labio-dental cognates *f* and *v*. Thus we can examine the formation of every Aspirate and Combined sound, as they all consist of breath or voice, acted on by the organs of articulation.

ORGANICAL TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

(SHOWING COGNATES.)

Pure.	Aspirate.	Combined.
Labial.	h.	b, w.
Palatal.	p, wh.	g.
Dental.	k.	d, j, z, zh.
Lingual.	t, ch, s, sh.	l, r.
Nasal-labial.		m.
Nasal-lingual.		n.
Nasal-palatal.		ng.
Lingua-palatal.		y.
Lingua-dental.	th.	th.
Labio-dental.	f.	v.

The **Elementary Sounds** of the English language are treated in this work as forty-six in number. (See page 21.) Authors differ much in regard to them, many, with Kerl, claiming the number to be forty-three. Shoemaker claims 46; Covell, 41; Greene, 40; Comstock, 38; Murray, 37; Brown, 36; Kirkham, 35; Frobisher, 33; Bolles, 29; Sheridan and Jones, 28. This work chooses to consider four vowels *Coalescents* or *Inseparables*, viz., *a* as in *air*, *e* as in *fern*, *o* as in *orb*, and *u* as in *urn*. It is also believed that *h* is a sound, though unmodified; that *wh* should be considered a single aspirate sound, the cognate of *w*, and not the sound of *h* followed by that of *w*. This gives *practically* forty-six sounds; but *theoretically* we should consider the following as diphthongal sounds, though they are so closely bound together as to entitle them to rank as single sounds:

TABLE OF DIPHTHONGAL SOUNDS.

Long *a* = *a* + long *e*.
 Long *i* = Italian *a* + short *i*.
 Long *o* = *o* + long *oo*.
 Long *u* = short *i* + long *oo*.
oi = short *o* + short *i*.
ou = short *o* + long *oo*.

This arrangement gives us *forty* theoretical simple sounds. The second sound of long *a* and *o*, as above, is called the *vanish*. It is light and delicate, always heard in graceful pronunciation.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

I. VOCAL.

1. Simple.

a. Long: *ā*, *g*, *e*, *ō*.

b. Short: *ä*, *ä*, *ë*, *i*, *ö*, *ü*, *ö*.

2. Diphthongal: *ā*, *i*, *ō*, *u*, *oi*, *ou*.

3. Coalescents: *ā*, *ë*, *ö*, *ü*.

II. ASPIRATES.

1. Pure: *h*.

2. Impure. { Explodents: *k*, *p*, *t*, *ch*, *wh*.
 { *f*, *s*, *sh*, *th*.

III. COMBINED. { Continuants: { *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *v*, *z*, *zh*, *zh*, *ng*.
 { Suppressives: *b*, *d*, *g*, *j*, *w*, *y*.

The Trilled "R."—Some diversity of opinion exists in regard to the "trilled R." Like a tasty flourish in penmanship, it often adds much to the rendering of a passage; but, like the flourish, it may be misplaced. It is borrowed from the Continental languages, and, though foreign, cannot properly be regarded as a mark of affectation. Yet it should be used sparingly, seldom or never in the most serious discourse. In light description and imitative modulation it may be employed, taking care, however, that it is never used unless immediately followed by a vowel sound.

Transition and Repetition.—Practice in articulation should be directed specially to those exercises in which transitions or repetitions of the same sound occur, as these will be quite difficult of mastery. See that both sounds are correctly and distinctly given, and that the organs of speech pass rapidly from one to the other.

EXAMPLES IN TRANSITION.

S, sh. This *ship*.
 s, y. I shall miss you.
 s, z. Less *zeal*.
 sh, z. Fresh *zephyrs*.
 st, s. Sweetest *song*.
 st, sh. Largest *shop*.
 z, sh. } As sure as you go.
 z, y. }

EXAMPLES IN REPETITION.

- I. S, s. False *sounds*.
 sh, sh. Hush, *Charlotte*!
 s, z. As *zealous*,
 st, st. Severest *storms*.

2. Eight great gray geese grazing gaily into Greece.

3. A storm ariseth on the sea. A model vessel is struggling amidst the war of the elements, quivering and shivering, shrinking and battling like a thinking being. The merciless, racking whirlwinds, like frightful fiends, howl and moan, and send sharp, shrill shrieks through the creaking cordage, snapping the sheets and masts. The sturdy sailors stand to their tasks, and weather the severest storm of the season.—*Practical Elocution*.

4. He spoke reasonably, philosophically, disinterestedly, and yet

particularly, of the unceremoniousness of their communicability, and peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly declared it to be wholly inexplicable.—*Practical Elocution.*

5. A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white bootblack agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black bootblack was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow bootblack, and the bootblack who had agreed to black the black bootblack's boots went to work.

When the bootblack had blacked one of the black bootblack's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any bootblack proud, this bootblack who had agreed to black the black bootblack's boots refused to black the other boot of the black bootblack until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white bootblack black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white bootblack had made blacking other men's boots. This the bootblack whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the white bootblack hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the bootblack who had blacked the black bootblack's boot as angry as a bootblack often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black bootblack. This roused the latent passions of the black bootblack, and he proceeded to boot the white bootblack with the boot which the white bootblack had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white bootblack who had refused to black the unblackd boot of the black bootblack blacked the black bootblack's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boots in booting the white bootblack.

Phonetic Spelling.—As literal spelling consists in separating a word into the *letters* contained in it, phonetic spelling is the process of analyzing it with reference to the *sounds* of which it is composed. Each letter in a word may or may not represent a sound. *Man* contains three letters and three sounds; *than*, four letters and three sounds; *plague*, six letters and four sounds; *cow*, three letters and two sounds; *though*, six letters and two sounds; *owe*, three letters and one sound. By studying the table of elementary sounds on pages 21 and 22, it can easily be determined which of them unite to form diphthongs; these are considered in phonetic spelling as single elements. To spell phonically, three processes are required, viz.: 1st. Pronounce the word correctly and distinctly. 2d. Give its several sounds (not letters) in their order, pronouncing syllables. 3d. Pronounce the word. All *silent letters*

are to be disregarded, as the *sounds* only are to be pronounced. Thus: "Plough. *P-lou*. Plough." "Day. *D-a*. Day."

As the *coalescents* *a*, *e*, *o*, and *u* are always accompanied by *r*, it is advised that they be not separated in spelling, thus: "Dare. *D-ar*. Dare." A letter often has the sound of another letter; this is called an *equivalent* or a *substituted sound*, as in *deign*, which would be spelled thus: "Deign. *D-a-n*. Deign." At first it would be well to prolong the words to great length, that the elements may be the more readily distinguished.

Phonetic spelling affords excellent practice for the vocal organs. It teaches correct pronunciation and accuracy in speech. The exercise should always be accompanied by much energy and a good tone of voice.

Pronunciation.—The subject of Pronunciation should receive special attention by the learner, as a good voice and a distinct articulation tend to magnify any defect in utterance. He should have constantly at hand a good dictionary, either Webster's or Worcester's (one is probably as good as the other, both receiving the sanction of educated speakers), and refer to it frequently. Read carefully the introductory portion, *Principles of Pronunciation*, etc., and let it be your standard of speech. You will find therein many words marked with a pronunciation different from that given by good speakers near you; but bear in mind the fact that the marking there given is always in accord with the usage of our best *literati*, and it should be preferred to local usage.

It may here be mentioned that there is hardly a book the perusal of which will so well repay you for the time devoted to its study as a good English dictionary. It is an excellent plan to keep a properly-marked list of those words that you cannot pronounce with certainty, adding to it as you meet new words.

WORDS FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED.

Class 1. The following words require short *a*, as in *at*: Arrow, barrow, farrow, harrow, marrow, narrow, sparrow, fallow, wheelbarrow, etc.

Class 2. The following should have Italian *a*, as in *arm*: Ha, balm, calm, palm, psalm; calf, half; wrath; aunt; laugh; launch; mustache, etc.

Class 3. The following and similar words should not be pronounced with short *a* nor Italian *a*: Staff, quaff; craft, draft; mass, pass; fast, last; ask, task; asp, clasp; dance, glance; chant, plant, etc.

Class 4. Coalescent *e* should not be pronounced like coalescent *u*. Examples: Earn, verge, verse, mercy, prefer, etc.

Class 5. The following should have short *o* (as in *odd*, *not*): On, gone, dog, off, often, soft, long, song, strong, throng, coral, orange, foreign, torrid, coronet, corridor, correlate, frontispiece, etc.

Class 6. *U* or *ew* should never be pronounced like long *oo* unless preceded by the sound of *r*, *ch*, *sh* or *zh*. Examples: Dew, duty, duel, gawgaw, juice, lute, new, sue, tune, whew, etc. It should be *oo* in the following: Rude, brute, fruit, chew, chute (pronounced *shoot*), chusite, sure, azure, etc. [NOTE.—When *u* or *ew* is not preceded by the sound of *r*, *ch*, *sh* or *zh*, it has the regular sound of *u*, which is that of short *i* and long *oo* pronounced *as closely together as possible*. Thus: *Cube* is correctly pronounced *kyoob*, not *kewb* nor *koob*.]

Class 7. The following have the accent on the last syllable: Discourse (noun and verb), recess, research, resource, romance, address (noun and verb), ally (noun and verb), contour, finance, routine, canine, robust, occult, verbose, etc.

Class 8. *A*, *you*, *the*, *that*, *for*, *from*, etc., take an obscure vowel sound (nearly like short *u*, as in *run*) when they occur as unemphatic words in a sentence. *The* before a vowel sound, however, takes the sound of short *i*.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

An Indian, attracted by the aroma of the coffee and the broth, arising from the bivouac and moving down the path, met a bombastic bravo who was troubled with bronchitis. The Indian, being in dishabille, was treated with disdain by this blackguard, who called him a dog and bade him with much vehemence and contumely to leave his domain, or he would demonstrate with his carbine the use of a coffin and a cemetery. The Indian calmly surveyed the dimensions of his European antagonist and opponent, and, being sagacious and robust, and having all the combativeness of a combatant, shot this ruffian in the abdomen with an arrow.

A young patriot with a black mustache, coming from the museum, laughingly said, "Bravo! you should be nationally rewarded by receiving the right of franchise, for I witnessed the altercation, and the evidence is irrefragable and indisputable that you have removed a nauseous reptile."

I now make this inquiry: Will not the matrons in this country and the patrons of our schools inaugurate some system that will give an impetus to the interesting study of our language? If half the leisure moments were thus spent, in lieu of reading some despicable romance, we should be wiser than we are.

Foreign Pronunciation.—In reading, foreign words are often found which are utterly unpronounceable to one not having at least an elementary knowledge of the language to which they belong. To pronounce such words according to English rules would in many cases be allowable; but this could not apply to *Goethe* and similar names. Clearly, the only correct way is to approach as nearly as possible to the native pronunciation, except in words and names thoroughly anglicized. To pronounce Paris *Parée* would be pedantry.

For the benefit of those who may not have the advantage of a knowledge of the principal languages of Europe, it is thought best to insert here, for reference, short tables of pronunciation, which cannot fail to be of service to the student.

ELEMENTS OF CONTINENTAL PRONUNCIATION.

I. VOWELS.

Long <i>a</i> as in <i>arm</i> .	Short <i>a</i> as in <i>at</i> .
Long <i>e</i> as in <i>ale</i> .	Short <i>e</i> as in <i>end</i> .
Long <i>i</i> or <i>y</i> as in <i>eve</i> .	Short <i>i</i> or <i>y</i> as in <i>it</i> .
Long <i>u</i> as in <i>ooze</i> .	

II. DIPHTHONGS.

- æ*, or *ä*, like English *a* or short *e*.
ai, *ay*, like English *e*.
au, like English *ow*.
ei, *ey*, like English *a* (with vanish).
oe, or *ö* (German *o*), formed by sounding long *a* with lips in position for long *o*.
ue, or *ü* (French or German *u*), formed by sounding long *e* with lips placed for long *oo*.

III. CONSONANTS.

- G*, hard before *a*, *o*, or *u*.
r, rolled, or trilled.
s (between vowels), usually like English *z*.
w, often like *v* (not dental).
th, like *t*.

LATIN. (ROMAN PRONUNCIATION.)

æ, like English *i*.
œ, like English *oy*.
ui, like English *we*.
j, like English *y*.
v, like English *w*.
n, like English *ng* (before palatals).
bs, like English *ps*.
ch, like English *k*.
ph, like English *f*.
c and *g*, always hard.
s, always sharp.

LATIN. (MODERN PRONUNCIATION.)

æ and *œ*, like English *ee*.
au, like English *aw*.
eu, like English *ew*.
ei and *ui*, like English *eye*.
es and *os* (final) like English *ees* and *oes*.
ch, like English *k*.
c and *g*, soft before *e*, *i*, *y*, *æ*, *œ*, *eu*.
 Vowels, same as in English.
 No silent letters.

GERMAN.

Ei, *ey*, like English *i*.
eu, *äu*, like English *oi*.
ie, like English *e*.
b (at end of word) like English *p*.
d (at end of word) like English *t*.
c (before *e*, *i*, or *y*) like English *ts*.
j, like English *y*.
sch, like English *sh*.
w, like English *v* (not dental).
s, like English *ts*.
ch, guttural.
g, always hard.

FRENCH.

Ai, *ay*, like English *a*.
au, *eau*, like English *o*.
i (final), like English *e*.
ie (at end of word), like English *a*.
oi, like English *wah*.
ou, like English *oo* (long).
e, often silent.
eu, like German *ö*.
u, French or German *ü*.

ch, like English *sh* (except in Greek derivations).
g (before *e*, *i*, or *y*) } like English *sh*.
j
gu (before *e* or *i*), like English *g* (hard).
ll (preceded by *i*), like English *y* (formerly Sp. *ll*).
qu (before vowel), like English *k*.
gn, like Spanish *ñ*.
h, scarcely pronounced.
m }
n } (at end of a syllable), nasal.

SPANISH.

I (final), like English *e*.
b (between vowels), like English *v* (not dental).
c (*e* or *i* following) } like English *th* (as in *thin*).
s
ch (Catalan dialect), like English *k*.
d (between vowels) } like English *th* (as in *they*).
d (at end of word) }
g (before *e*, *i* or *y*) } like English *k* (strongly aspirated).
j
x
gu (before *e* or *i*), like English *g* (hard).
qu (before *e* or *i*), like English *k*.
h, scarcely pronounced.
t, nearly like *d*.
ll, in two syllables, as villa (*veel-ya*).
ñ, in two syllables, as cañon (*can-yon*).

ITALIAN.

I (final), like English *ee*.
c (before *e* and *i*), like English *ch*.
ch, like English *k*.
g (before *e*, *i* or *y*), like English *j*.
gh, like English *g* (hard).
j, like English *y*.
sc (before *e* or *i*), like English *sh*.
sch (before *e* or *i*), like English *sh*.
z, like English *dz*.
zz, like English *ts*.
h, scarcely pronounced.
gl (followed by *i*), like Spanish *ll*.
gn, like Spanish *ñ*.

MODULATION.

Modulation concerns the proper management of the voice in speech, and treats of those changes that should

be made in it to best express the sentiment. When perfectly at our ease we use the unemotional language of simple conversation. When we are influenced by feelings of adoration or sublimity, we use the same form of speech, but the language becomes grander, the tones more full and round ; we then use the Orotund. When greatly agitated by intense emotions of the mind, such as terror, anger, etc., we lose the perfect control of our voices, the tension of the vocal cords is increased or relaxed, and we use the aspirated harsh, cold, steely tones designated Impure Quality. Were we to represent the Simple Pure voice on paper, it might be done with THIS STYLE of type, while the Orotund would require THIS STYLE, larger, but each letter of the same shape, as the Orotund is but a symmetrical enlargement of the Simple Pure. In the same manner, Impure Quality should be represented in distorted type, possibly by *ITALIC CAPITALS*.

The pure voice is used both in speech and song ; in the former, however, we use speaking tones, and in the latter singing tones. The difference between music and speech lies in the manner of transition from one degree of pitch to another. In speech the movement is concrete, the voice continually sliding upward and downward, never remaining at one point of the scale except in the monotone. The singing voice passes from one pitch to another by a distinct step called discrete movement. Elocution requires a culture of the speaking voice, though the quality is improved by a cultivation of singing tones. Singing develops pure voice ; speaking improves the other qualities and the various modulations. Music is a succession of similar sounds following one another in a regular order, though each sound of itself may be unmusical. In Elocution, guard against the use of singing tones except in practice.

As we have seen, the tones of voice are caused by the action of breath upon the vibrating vocal cords. The greater is the tension of these cords, the higher will be the pitch. In terror, they are strained to the utmost, and the result is a high-pitched tone, or shriek. In despair and anger, the vocal cords are relaxed, and the result is the Pectoral quality, very low in pitch.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN PITCH.

1. 10. (As high as possible.) "*Strike for the sires who left you free!*"
2. 9. (Extremely high.) "*I repeat it, sir, let it come, let it come!*"
3. 8. (Very high, spirited.) "*Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty.*"
4. 7. (High.) "*The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang.*"
5. 6. (Rather high.) "*With music I come from my balmy home.*"
6. 5. (*Middle.* Firm, natural.) "*A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds.*"
7. 4. (Rather low.) "*Friends, Romans, Countrymen!*"
8. 3. (Low. Modest.) "*And this is the night! most glorious night!*"
9. 2. (Very low. Sublime.) "*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!*"
10. 1. (As low as possible. Solemn.) "*Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!*"

NOTE.—The above examples for practice in Pitch, as well as the exercise in Rate, on page 87, are taken from Frobisher's "Voice and Action." They are recommended as excellent for the purpose for which they are designed.

EXERCISE IN INTERROGATION.

The Past—where is it? It has fled!
 The Future? It may never come.
 Our friends departed? With the dead.
 Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
 What are earth's joys? The dews of morn.
 Its honors? Ocean's wreathing foam.
 Where's peace? In trials meekly borne.
 And joy? In Heaven—the Christian's home.

—Kidd's *Elocution*.

The following extract will be found valuable for practice in *Rate*. It is from Henry Bateman's "Ship on Fire."

. . . The bright sun
 Lights up the deep blue wave, and favoring breeze
 Fills the white sails. . .
 Fire!—Fire!—Fire!—Fire!

.

Scorching smoke in many a wreath,
 Sulphurous blast of heated air,
 Grim presentment of quick death,
 Crouching fear and stern despair,
 Hist, to what the Master saith,—
 “Steady, steersman, steady there!”—Ay! ay!

“To the mast-head!”—it is done,—
 “Look to leeward!”—scores obey,—
 “And to windward!”—many a one
 Turns, and never turns away;
 Steadfast is the word and tone,
 “Man the boats, and clear away!”—Ay! ay!

Then it comes,—“A sail! a sail!”—
 Up from prostrate misery,
 Up from heart-break woe and wail,
 Up to shuddering ecstasy;—
 “Can so strange a promise fail?”
 “Call the Master, let him see!”—Ay! ay!

Silence! Silence! Silence!—Pray!

Every moment is an hour,
 Minutes long as weary years,
 While with concentrated power,
 Through the haze that clear eye peers,—
 “No,”—“Yes,”—“No,”—the strong men cower,
 Till he sighs,—faith conquering fears,—“Ay! ay!”

Pah!—a rush of smothered light
 Bursts the staggering ship asunder,—
 Lightning flashes, fierce and bright,—
 Blasting sounds, as if of thunder,—
 Dread destruction wins the fight
 Round about, above, and under.—Ay! ay!

EXERCISE IN RATE.

1. 9. (As quick as possible.) “Quick as the lightning’s flash
 that illumines the night.”
2. 8. (Very quick.) “Charge for the golden lilies, now, upon
 them with the lance!”
3. 7. (Quick.) “Hurrah! the foes are moving!”
4. 6. (Rather quick.) “Wild winds and mad waves drive the
 vessel a-wreck.”
5. 5. (Medium Time.) “What stronger breast-plate than a
 heart untainted!”

6. 4. (Rather slow.) "Slowly and sadly we laid him down."
7. 3. (Slow.) "The bell strikes one! we take no note of time but from its loss."
8. 2. (Very slow.) "Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."
9. 1. (The slowest time.) "Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour."

"**Emphasis**," it has been said, "is in speech what coloring is in painting. It admits of all possible degrees, and must, to indicate a particular degree of distinction, be more or less intense, according to the groundwork or current melody of the discourse." It consists of any peculiarity of utterance which will call special attention to a particular word or words in a sentence. Thus it will be seen that emphasis may be of force, stress, quality, pitch, or rate.

I. EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

Study to show thyself a man!

II. OF STRESS.

1. *Initial*: Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts!
Dash him to pieces!
2. *Median*: What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!
In form and moving how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!
3. *Final*: Ye gods, it doth amaze me!
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!
4. *Compound*: Arm! Arm! ye heavens, against these perjured kings!
5. *Thorough*: I ask, why not "traitor" unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him. It was because he *durst* not. It was the act of a *coward* who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow.

III. OF QUALITY.

1. *Aspirate*: A lowly knee to earth he bent; his father's hand he took.
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

2. *Pectoral*: You souls of geese,
That bear the *shapes* of men, how have you run
From slaves that *apes* would beat! *Pluto* and *hell*!
All hurt *behind*: *backs red* and *faces pale*
With *flight* and *agued fear*! *Mend*, and *charge home*,
Or, by the *fires* of *heaven*, I'll *leave* the *foe*
And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on!
3. *Guttural*: Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised.
Of all earth's groveling crew the most accursed.
Thou *worm*! thou *viper*! to thy native earth
Return! *Away*! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou *scum*! thou *reptile*!

IV. OF PITCH.

1. *High*: *They strike! hurrah! the fort has surrendered!*
Shout! shout! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy!
2. *Low*: The flag of the old Revolution
Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no treasonous breath of pollution
Shall tarnish one star of its fold.
Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying,
From the graves where your fathers are lying,
Swear, O Swear!

V. OF RATE.

1. *Slow*: Then answers he, "*Ah, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes.*"
2. *Fast*: He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "*Ho, Enderby!*"
They rang "*The Brides of Enderby.*"

NOTE.—Many of the above exercises are selected from *Hamill's Elocution*.

No definite rule can be given for the use of emphasis. It is so subtle, its shadings so delicate, that it can never be cabled to inflexible rules. But in general we should emphasize—

1. Words, phrases or clauses that are particularly *significant*.
2. Words, phrases or clauses that *contrast*.
3. Anything *repeated* for the sake of emphasis.
4. A *succession* of objects or ideas.

Word Individuality, Expressive Intonation, Imitative Modulation and Sound to Sense are terms used to express the act of playing upon words, sounding the syllables, or intoning the vowel in such a way as to more fully bring out the meaning of the word by its sound. (See page 42.) The stroke upon the vowel resembles that given the notes of a piano.

Practice the following words, intonating so as to best bring out the meaning: Rich, poor, little, great, brisk, smooth, rough, noble, large, broad, beast, dove, round, massive, strength, brilliant, sublime, powerful, grasping, glory, terrible, whirlwind, dazzling, gold, silver, joyous, slowly, victory, ragged, meekly, lordly, sparkling, glittering, bursting, repose.

Also practice selections on pages 127, 146, 160, 172, 179, 191, 234, 240, 250, 272, 281, and 340.

The following was given during the reign of Charles II. :

DR. WALLIS'S LIST OF DERIVATIVES.

1. *St* (Latin *sto*) denotes firmness or strength. Examples: Stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, etc.
2. *Str*— indicates violent force or energy. Examples: Strive, stress, strength, stripe, etc.
3. *Thr*— implies forcible motion. Examples: Throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thralldom, thrill, etc.
4. *Gl*— indicates smoothness or silent motion. Examples: Glib, glide, glow, etc.
5. *Wr*— denotes obliquity or distortion. Examples: Wry, wrest, wrestle, wrangle, wring, wrong, wrath, etc.
6. *Sw*— implies silent agitation or lateral motion; as sway, sweep, swerve, swing, swim, etc.
7. *Sl*— denotes gentle fall or less observable motion. Sly, slide, slip, slit, slow, slack, sling, etc.
8. *Sp*— indicates dissipation or expansion. Spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring, etc.
9. —*ash* indicates something acting nimbly and sharply. Crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash, splash, etc.

10. —*ush* denotes something acting more obtusely and dully. Crush, brush, hush, gush, blush, etc.

“The Engine,” and the following extract from “When the Cows Come Home,” will be found good for practice:

When klinge, klange, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

.
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.
With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home. .

THE ENGINE.—*Anon.*

With a clang!
With a clank and a clang!
With a clamor, a clank, and a clang!
With clatter, and clamor, a clank, and a clang!
With veins full of fire, and the artery steam,
Roused to the pulse of a feverish dream;
With a gray plume trailing, fleecy and pale,

Like mist-boats sailing to sea with the gale;
 With the ring and the rattle of lever and wheel,
 And the blow and the battle of track and of steel;
 With the tremulous spring, like the launch of a wing
 From the condor's cliff, where the wild vines cling;
 An eagle of iron, with sinews of steel,
 And blow of a pinion like avalanche peal;
 With talons of flame and a blaze in the blood,
 I tunnel the mountain and compass the flood;
 I startle the morning and shiver the noon;
 And splinter the cold, pale rays of the moon;
 From pine and from granite to orange and palm,
 From storm of sleet fury to zephyrs of balm;
 From Allegan summit to Michigan's wave,
 From the life of the East to the pioneer's grave,

Dragging a train

As a flying prisoner drags his chain;

Climbing the grade

Panting and sullen, but undismayed.

Then away to the prairie with antelope speed,
 Belting the forest and skimming the mead;
 Awaking the bear from its underground lair,
 And startling the deer to a leap in the air;
 Breaking the Indian's solitude rest,
 Pushing the buffalo far to the west;
 Skirting the current with spur and with thong,
 Where the drain of the continent thunders along;
 Mixing and mingling the races of men,
 Bearing the *Now* in advance of the *Then*!
 Then ceasing the rattle of lever and wheel,
 And parting the battle of track and of steel,
 And ending, at last, the roll and the race,
 And checking the flight into gradual pace—
 With clatter, and clamor, a clank, and a clang!
 With a clamor, a clank, and a clang!
 With a clank and a clank!
 With a clang!

Analysis and Grouping.—In reading, it is necessary first to analyze the thought, to decide in the mind what portions are most prominent, and these should receive greatest emphasis. The subordinate thoughts should be properly grouped together and expressed in such a manner as will clearly show them to be subordinate. To use a figure of speech, let the more important parts of a sentence stand in the foreground, giving them intensest light; the auxiliary thoughts may repose in the shadows of the background.

In general, the subject, predicate, object and connectives of a sentence should receive emphatic force. Give the same degree of force to words having a close grammatic connection, but separated from each other in the sentence. The intervening portions should be read parenthetically.

EXAMPLE OF GROUPING.

Go PREACH to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 OR, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 DRAW, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This MANTLE, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Transition is the art of changing easily, rapidly and completely from one modulation or form of voice to another; as from Simple Pure to Pectoral, Long Quantity to Short, High Pitch to Low, Gentle to Heavy, or Natural to Explosive. It should be carefully practiced by advanced students, and, for this purpose, use the selections on pages 129, 164, 236, 237, 244, 250, 274, and 341.

The two following selections will be found admirable practice in Transition:

EGO AND ECHO.—*John G. Saxe.*

I asked of Echo, th' other day,
 (Whose words are few and often funny,)
 What to a novice she could say
 Of courtship, love, and matrimony.
 Quoth Echo, plainly—"Matter o' money!"

Whom should I marry?—should it be
 A dashing damsel, gay and pert,
 A pattern of inconstancy;
 Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
 Quoth Echo, sharply—"Nary flirt!"

What if, a-weary of the strife,
 That long has lured the dear deceiver,
 She promises to amend her life,
 And sin no more: Can I believe her?
 Quoth Echo, with decision—"Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart
 On me should venture to bestow it,
 Pray, should I act the wiser part
 To take the treasure or forego it?
 Quoth Echo, very promptly—"Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
 To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
 She vow she means to die a maid,
 In answer to my loving letter?
 Quoth Echo, rather coolly—"Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
 I find my heart entwined about
 With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
 So closely that I can't get out?
 Quoth Echo, laughingly—"Get out!"

But if some maid, with beauty blest,
 As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
 Will share my labor and my rest
 Till envious Death shall overtake her?
 Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*)—"Take her!"

THE LOSS OF THE HORNET.

Call the watch! call the watch!
"Ho! the starboard watch, ahoy!" Have you heard
 How a noble ship so trim, like our own, my hearties, here,
 All scudding 'fore the gale, disappeared,
 Where yon southern billows roll o'er their bed so green and clear?
Hold the reel! keep her full! hold the reel!
 How she flew athwart the spray, as, shipmates, we do now,
 Till her twice a hundred fearless hearts of steel
 Felt the whirlwind lift its waters aft, and plunge her downward bow?
 Bear a hand!

Strike topgallants! mind your helm! jump aloft!
 'Twas such a night as this, my lads, a rakish bark was drowned,
 When demons foul, that whisper seamen oft,
 Scooped a tomb amid the flashing surge that never shall be found.
Square the yards! a double reef! Hark the blast!
 O, fiercely has it fallen on the war-ship of the brave,
 When the tempest fury stretched the stately mast
 All along her foamy sides, as they shouted on the wave,
 "Bear a hand!"

Call the watch! call the watch!
"Ho! the larboard watch, ahoy!" Have you heard
 How a vessel, gay and taut, on the mountains of the sea,
 Went below, with all her warlike crew on board,
 They who battled for the happy, boys, and perished for the free?
Clew, clew up fore and aft! keep away!
 How the vulture bird of death, in its black and viewless form,
 Hovered sure o'er the clamors of his prey,
 While through all their dripping shrouds yelled the spirit of the storm?
 Bear a hand!

Now out reefs! brace the yards! lively there!
 O, no more to homeward breeze shall her swelling bosom spread,
 But love's expectant eye bid Despair
 Set her raven watch eternal o'er the wreck in ocean's bed.
Board your tacks! cheerily, boys! But for them,
 Their last evening gun is fired, their gales are overblown;
 O'er their smoking deck no starry flag shall stream;
 They'll sail no more, they'll fight no more, for their gallant ship's gone
 down.

Bear a hand!

NOTE.—In the above selection, "Ho! | the starboard | watch, | ahoy!" and "Ho! | the larboard | watch, | ahoy!" should be given in a loud calling voice, with vowels sharply intonated, and with full falling slide on "ahoy!" On the line of command at the middle of each stanza and at the beginning of the second and fourth stanzas, the author would use falling slides on the first and second order, and sustained force on the third.

Climax.—It has been previously stated in this work that a succession of objects or ideas should receive emphasis; that is, each of the series should be made more emphatic than the one immediately preceding. This gives a constantly increasing emphatic scale. The extreme point of this scale is called the Climax. There the vocal efforts should reach their culmination, giving great strength to the sentence.

EXAMPLES OF CLIMAX.

1. Days, *months*, YEARS and AGES shall circle away.
2. Clarence has come! false, *fleeing*, PERJURED Clarence!
3. I tell you, though you, though *all the world*, though an ANGEL FROM HEAVEN should declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.
4. Let but the commons hear this testament, (which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they [1] would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And [2] dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, [3] beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.
5. Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

6. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly, liberty first, and union afterward—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—liberty *and* union, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

Repose is the sublime emblem of infinite power. It is reserve force that is immeasurable. He who by violent exertion shows that he has reached his limit loses that greater conception that we may have formed regarding his powers. We know not the weakness of an invisible cable, because its length and size are not revealed to us. Man, by exhibiting the measure of his strength, proves that he is human; God, by His reserve force, shows us that He is divine. Violence is not our highest idea of power. We see a greater force in the slowly-moving volume of a Mississippi or an Amazon than in the giddy tumult of a St. Lawrence.

Where climax is employed in speech, in order to convey the greatest possible idea of power it is necessary to mark the concluding portion of the sentence with that repose which indicates unlimited reserved strength. It has been well said that "The highest power is mastery, and the highest mastery is self-mastery, and of self-mastery repose is the emblem."

Impersonation.—In impersonation, the reader or speaker puts himself in the place of another, using the tone and style required by the assumed character. This, however, should not be resorted to when the beauty or sublimity of thought contained in a passage would be weakened thereby, as an assumed form always detracts from the *ideas* by directing our attention to the *manner*. But there are many times when personation really adds to the beauty and effectiveness of the rendering. The judgment of the reader must decide when it should be employed and in what particular cases it may be omitted.

When impersonating, the tone may be changed, as well as the general manner. A heavy or light voice, fast or slow rate, low or high pitch will often be a sufficient change.

Old Age requires a feeble or cracked voice, higher pitch, slower rate, gentler force, a greater use of the inflections, and an apparent toothlessness easily secured by retracting the lower jaw and drawing the under lip as far as possible over the teeth.

Children's Voices are imitated by light force, many rising and falling slides, using great expression. Let the throat be contracted, that the voice may appear to be formed in the front part of the mouth.

In imitating voices of the *opposite sex*, the reader should employ gentler or heavier force, as required.

It will be readily seen that a skillful mimic will surpass all others in impersonation, but it must not be inferred that such only will make good elocutionists. It is not the highest phase of the art to excel in this particular branch, though excellence in this will provoke great popular applause. The true elocutionist should aim at something higher than mimicry. (See List of Impersonations, page 108.)

In Dialogue Reading several impersonated voices may occur, varying one from another by changes of force, pitch, rate or quality. As a *general rule* the direction of the eyes and head should change with each transition of character. Where only two speakers are represented the whole body may change position, but where several appear a slight change only is required. In representing two characters, the gaze is alternated left and right, but the descriptive portions (those not spoken by either of the characters) should always be given front. Let changes of position and of voice be sudden and decided, especially so when one speaker is interrupted by another.

Bible Reading is of a graver cast than ordinary reading, and it requires a somewhat different style in order to properly express the majesty and sublime grandeur of

many of its passages. The Bible should never be read in a trifling, careless manner, but always with expression and solemnity. Its extreme importance demands a style suited to the correct rendition of its grand truths. With reverence should we approach the holy volume, and in a proper manner give expression to its inspired sentences.

The following may be mentioned as among the best examples for practice: Exodus xv., Psalms xxiii. and xxiv., Ecclesiastes xii., Isaiah xxxv. and iv., Matthew vi. 26-34, I. Corinthians xv., and Revelation xxii.

GESTURE

Elocution may be divided into two parts; that which is *heard*, and that which is *seen*. The former is called *Voice*; the latter, *Gesture*. Both are important and indispensable to its proper study. We speak (*Elocutio*, to speak out) by our words and by our manner. The manner may be so out of harmony that it entirely contradicts the words, and an idea is conveyed directly opposite to that intended.

It is important, then, that we study manner as well as matter. A pleasing style of delivery adds much to the effectiveness of a production, and in this gesture plays an important part. It is absolutely essential to the perfect success of vocal delivery that it be accompanied by a manner that will not provoke criticism, nor in any way draw the hearer's attention from the thought uttered. It should rather *aid* that thought by conveying to the eye what the voice sends to the ear. Gesture should always be an assistant, never a hindrance as it certainly is when not properly used.

Those who naturally employ many gestures should learn how to correctly use them; those who use but few should cultivate the use of more by making themselves familiar with the laws that govern intelligent gesticulation.

Gesture forms a natural language, but no exact rules can be given for its practice, though we may consider the *principles* upon which it is based. (See pages 43-45.)

The question arises, How much attention should we pay this subject? Certainly not as much as is given to the voice, for all will admit that it is of less importance. Few

will agree as to its exact relative importance. Nationalities differ on this point as well as do individuals. People of Southern countries, as the French, Italians and Spanish, employ many more gestures than the less vivacious inhabitants of the North, such as the English, the Danes, Swedes and Esquimaux.

The subject certainly should receive much attention, that we may accompany our voices with appropriate and pleasing gestures. Inappropriate gesticulation detracts much from the success of a speaker; *study* and *practice* are required to overcome our natural deficiencies and secure a polished manner.

Excellent practice is afforded by repeating the words

"High ! Low ! Left ! Right !"

using the left hand on the third word and the right hand on the others. Also, count "*One, two, three,*" etc., using free and graceful gestures on each word.

Double Gestures have the same significance as single gestures. They are used for variety, and greater effect and force. In speaking, do not employ one hand exclusively, but occasionally use the other, to avoid sameness.

Much value may be derived from the careful use of a

SELECTION WITH SET GESTURES.

NOTE.—In the following exercise the letters refer to the direction as given on pages 43-45. All are to be given with supine hand unless otherwise designated.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

The *wind* is high—the *window* shakes;
Dbl. A.O. H.L. Pointing Right.

With sudden *start* the miser wakes !
H.O. Vertical. H.O.

Along the silent room he stalks ;
H.F. to O. . . . (Gesture sustained.)

Looks back and *trembles* as he walks !
Head and eyes left. Dbl. H.O. (tremor.)

675083

Each *lock*, and ev'ry *bolt* he tries,
D.O. Pointing. D.L. Pointing.

In ev'ry *crack* and *corner* pries;
H.O. Left. . . H.O. Dbt.

Then opes his *chest* with treasure stored,
D.O. (Gesture of Illustration.)

And *stands in rapture* o'er his hoard.
Dbl. A.F. Vert. (forearm only.)

But now with sudden qualms possessed,
(Both hands to Right.) Dbl. H.L. Vertical

He *wrings* his hands—he *beats* his breast;
(Illustration.) (Illustration.)

By conscience stung he wildly *stares*;
Illustration. (Over right shoulder.)

And thus his *guilty soul* declares:
Hands crossed on breast.

Had the *deep earth* her stores confined,
Dbl. D.O.

This heart had known sweet peace of mind;
Right hand on heart. Dbl. A.O.

But *virtue's* sold! Good gods, *what price*
Dbl. D.O. Prone. Dbl. H.L.

Can recompense the pangs of vice?
Dbl. D.O. Prone.

O, *bane* of good! seducing cheat!
Dbl. H.O. Prone.

Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Same, but D.

Gold banished honor from the mind,
Dbl. H.L. Vert.

And only left the *name* behind;

Dbl. H.F.

Gold sowed the world with *ev'ry* ill;

Dbl. H.L.

Gold taught the *murd'rer's sword* to *kill*;

Hand raised to strike. Dbl. D.O. Prone.

'Twas gold instructed coward hearts

H.O.

In *treach'ry's* more pernicious arts.

D.B. Prone.

Who can recount the mischief o'er?

Dbl. H.O.

Virtue resides on earth *no more!*

Dbl. A.O. Dbl. H.L.

THE THREE FORMS OF SPEECH.

I. Conversation.—This is the simplest form of speech, and it is the most natural. In conversation we are ourselves, and we use no forced, unnatural style of utterance. Without previous study we speak those words that come most readily to the lips. It has been truly said that if we wish to know what we are, we have only to look at our speech and behold ourselves.

Let us always endeavor in conversation to express (1) the best thoughts (2) in our best manner, (3) avoiding those subjects not of general interest to our listeners, (4) using the best language at command, and thereby elevating our thought and our expression.

II. Reading.—In conversation, our ideas are evolved from our own minds, clothed in our own words, and given forth in our own manner. In reading, the thought may be the same and the manner the same, though the phraseology may differ. This difference of words, however, may be overcome by familiarizing ourselves with the pro-

duction. But, in reading *our own* composition, we are too liable to fall into a reading tone—an unnatural mode of expression. This droning process causes the hearer to lose a large portion of the thought, which he would receive were the reading *intelligent* instead of *mechanical*. In *emotional* reading, he receives all the thought, and it is intensified in its conveyance to him. Emotional reading might be compared to the refraction of light through a lens; it is concentrated and rendered powerful. Mechanical reading may be compared to light reflected from a mirror; a large percentage of it is lost in the process of reflection.

Remember that the only office of the printed or written page in reading is to furnish you with the thought that you are to convey to others. Let your mind receive this; then express it, idea by idea (not word by word), in the same manner that you would if it were original with you.

When you desire to read *well*, be sure to previously familiarize yourself with (a) the words, (b) arrangement of paragraphs, and (c) logical connection of all the thoughts contained in the piece of reading.

Always hold your book or paper in such a way that you can readily take in the whole line at once. Allow the letters to be about fourteen inches from the eye, not directly below, nor horizontal with the eye, but half-way between these two positions.

Look off the book as much as possible.

III. Public Speaking.—This is conversation magnified. The same forms of voice are employed as in conversation; the difference lies in a symmetrical enlargement of the sentences. In this, do not *distort*, but preserve the form in its simplicity, and you will have it in its greatest purity and power. (See illustrations of Quality on page 85). Apply all rules of elocution and rhetoric to your conversation, and you will have the form best suited to public address.

Always make a marked distinction between the conversational (or explanatory) and the oratorical or dramatic portions. Studiously avoid everything like an oratorical style in simple description or narration.

Never appear in public without thorough preparation,

and be sure that this is succeeded by a period of rest, that you may be in your best condition. Tone the voice just before beginning your vocal effort.

In your approach, do not appear hurried ; but let your manner be graceful, and your bearing dignified. This will insure respect. Put yourself at your ease by a strong mental effort, and begin deliberately, gradually warming up with your subject.

Never acquire the useless habit of drinking water during a vocal performance. As soon think of pausing in an address to *eat* as to *drink* ; there is as much propriety in one as in the other. Water will not supply the natural moisture of the vocal organs, and, if they are properly used, there is no necessity for artificial moistening.

Pay special attention to the articulation, and let it always be distinct. Deliver the sounds sharply and correctly, and your audience will appreciate your efforts, though they may not themselves know wherein lies the charm of the voice to which they listen.

APPLICATIONS.

As shown in the foregoing pages, the principles and rules of elocution find a practical application in everyday life. Every sentence we utter, every word we speak, every tone of the voice, and every gesture, is but the natural outgrowth of the principles of the science and its application to the true art of expression. These principles and rules, when understood, may be intelligently applied to *all forms* of conversation, of reading, and of public speaking. This, while including in its scope every rational human being, embraces many *professions* as a whole, of which may be cited as examples the following : Actors, teachers, lawyers, ministers, lecturers, etc. The majority of these require nothing in this line farther than a general knowledge of elocution as here presented, while others demand a slight modification of these rules, in the form of a *special* application, as is noticeably the case with the actor, who requires a system of elocution materially different from that of the orator, though both systems are based on common principles and employ similar rules.

We will make but two applications in the scope of this work—Dramatic Action and

Pulpit Elocution.—The pulpit affords the broadest, freest exercise of the powers of the orator. In no other position has a man so wide a range for the use of his oratorical talent. Every branch of knowledge is an avenue through which he may wend his way, explaining the beauties and mysteries of the pathway to the multitudes that follow. The world is his field; the whole arcana of knowledge is waiting to furnish the materials with which he may sway the masses. Taking "all knowledge" for his "province," and laboring zealously in the great field of human progress, his power is limited only by the compass of his own humanity. His mission is a noble one—his object, to save the world.

The instrument by which he hopes to achieve good is *the human voice*. This he should so cultivate and train that it performs its duty perfectly, else it will prove a hindrance instead of an assistant. His manner, too, can aid or detract from his efforts, and it is of the utmost importance that he understand all the laws of gesture.

In short, he should have so good a knowledge of every branch of the art that he may be a perfect master of all his powers; that every thought shall be sent home with its full force; that every intonation of his voice shall be rich with meaning; that every gesture shall add to the convincing power of his argument; to the beauty of his description, the clearness of his narration, and the irresistible force of his logic.

That this may be the case, it is absolutely necessary (1) that he have no unpleasant peculiarity of manner nor of pronounciation; (2) that he possess a dignity befitting his station, and that this be not lowered by jocular or commonplace remarks while in the pulpit; (3) that his voice and manner harmonize one with the other; (4) that he never betray a lack of self-mastery by allowing his voice to get beyond control, or by using such gestures as stamping with the foot or striking the desk with the closed hand. These are *noises*, not *oratory*—*sound*, not *sense*.

He will succeed best in his work who takes his position midway between inaction and dramatic action. He should

not gesticulate too much nor too little ; but, above all else, he should see that nothing in his verbiage, tone, enunciation or gesture shall divert the attention of his audience from the sacredness of the subject and the occasion. He, of all men, should be a good, expressive *reader*, able to present the Scriptures in a manner worthy of their dignity, and to read the hymns with intelligence and force. (See Bible Reading, page 97.)

A heavy, full, round tone of power carries with it a degree of conviction that no finely-rounded period of rhetorical argument ever possessed.

In conclusion, he should endeavor by all possible means to prove himself *a man*, that his words may receive character from his daily example ; and, specially, let him study his style of delivery, for thereon depends more of success or failure than he is aware.

DRAMATIC ACTION.

Dramatic action differs from oratory, though it employs the same vocal expression. The orator is always himself, in his best condition ; the actor acts an assumed character, which would often not be consistent with the dignity of the orator. The actor is an imitator—an impersonator, and he may make sentiment subordinate to action. His office is to entertain rather than to instruct. He must study to sustain the character which he has assumed, and, in order to successfully accomplish this, it is necessary to lay aside as far as possible his individuality, and to assume as completely as possible the personality of another. He, unlike the orator, may be extravagant, affected, or passionate, as required. He may have recourse to scenery and surroundings in order the more fully to act his part, while the orator is compelled to resort entirely to his own powers. Hence, oratory is the higher, greater, more commendable art.

In presenting these pages upon Dramatic Action, it is not the object of the author in any way to encourage a taste for pernicious or even questionable acting or theatre performance, but simply to apply the principles of elocution to the stage, and to show wherein lies the difference

between the orator and the actor. In oratory, we may borrow certain gestures (termed *Special Gestures*) from the art of acting; hence, it is necessary for us to be informed as to the significance and proper method of using those gestures.

THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS.

In acting, the moderate step may become a stride. Actors are permitted to move in a lateral direction, while the orator may only advance and recede from his audience. The actor may also stamp, start or kneel. These demonstrations are forbidden the orator.

The Trunk.—An erect position is the only one suitable to the dignity of the orator. In acting, grief depresses, and pride throws the body backward.

The Head and Eyes.—The head is raised in arrogance, inclined in languor or indifference, and hung in shame. The head may take the following positions: *Inclined, Erect, Assenting, Denying, Shaking, Tossing, Aside.*

Considered in reference to the direction of the eyes, it may be *Averted, Downward, Upward, Around*, or on *Vacancy*.

The Countenance may take the expression of anger, shame, contempt, pride, despair, terror, or any other violent passion. In oratory this is not admissible.

The Hand may take the following positions: *Hollow, Holding or Grasping* (according to the degree of energy), *Applied* (palms together), *Clasped, Crossed* (upon the breast), *Folded* (fingers of right hand between the thumb and forefinger of the left), *Inclosed* (back of one within the palm of the other), *Touching* (points of thumb and fingers of each hand brought into light contact), *Wringing* (clasped, raised, lowered, and separated at wrists but without fingers disengaged), *Enumerating* (first finger of right hand laid successively upon first and other fingers of the left).

The Arms may be *Folded* (crossed and enclosing each other), *A-kimbo* (one or both hands on hips, elbows extended at one or both sides), *Reposed* (elbows nearly resting on hips, one hand holding the wrist of the other—a female position).

ARM AND HAND COMBINED.

In designating the manner of motion, Gesture may be considered as *Noting* (the hand being drawn back and raised, then advanced and by a gentle stroke depressed), *Projecting* (arm thrust forward in the direction in which the hand may be pointing), *Retracting* (arm drawn back preparatory to Projecting or to avoid an object), *Waving* (fingers pointing downward, then the hand flung smartly upward), the *Flourish* (in which the hand describes a circle or part of a circle above the head), the *Sweep* (the hand making a curved movement, descending from the opposite shoulder and rising high above the head; or the reverse, changing in the first case from the Supine to Vertical, and in the second from Vertical to Supine. Sometimes a Double Sweep is used, combining both movements). *Beckoning* (with whole hand or simply the forefinger), *Repressing* (the opposite of Beckoning), *Advancing* (the hand moved slowly forward and upward to the horizontal, the whole body aiding the action, and a step in advance being taken), *Springing* (the hand, having nearly arrived at the limit of the gesture, springs suddenly up to it by a quick movement of the wrist), *Striking* (hand and arm), *Bending* (preparation for Striking), *Recoiling* (a return to position after striking), *Throwing* (arm flung outward in the direction of a person addressed), *Clinching* (clenched hand raised threateningly), *Collecting* (arm sweeps inward toward the body), *Shaking* (tremulous motion given to arm and hand), *Pressing* (the hand being laid upon any part, the elbow is raised and the fingers contracted), *Rejecting* (vertical hand pushed toward the object. head averted).

For convenient reference we append the following

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PART IV.

READINGS AND RECITALS

" 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear ;
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*. . . .
Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid, and serene ;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar."

LLOYD.

READINGS AND RECITALS.

NIGHTFALL.

[This exquisite poetical gem should be given in the effusive form of voice, gentle force—as in a dreamy reverie. Play upon the words, and bring out their full expression.]

Alone I stand,
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land ;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night :
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright,
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low ;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze ;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon ; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
 The heavenly plain;
 Behind it trails a starry train—
 While low and sweet
 The wavelets beat
 Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June!
 Yon silver moon
 Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
 Faint-floating, plays,
 In moonlit lays,
 A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground;
 A peace profound
 Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
 Save at my feet
 The ceaseless beat
 Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

W. W. ELLSWORTH.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

[To be read with great intensity and expression; avoid monotony.]

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
 As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe,
 In mournful cadences that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful—
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man—and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
 Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations—and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time—
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

[Employ a clear, pure, expressive voice and a distinct enunciation.]

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
 And the summers, like buds between;
 And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

B. F. TAYLOR.

THE HIGH TIDE; OR, THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY.

[An incident of Lincolnshire, 1571. The piece should be given in a natural, descriptive tone, with a shade of sadness throughout. Picture vividly the excitement of the scene, and use variety in the calling tones.]

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flights of mewes and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dewes will soon be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire it seemeth mee
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 - And not a shadow mote be scene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows,
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne;
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main:
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again,
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 "God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking song."
 He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eagle reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eagle's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eagle drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and me:
 But each will mourn his own (she saith).
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow;
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

["The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."]

Go out beneath the arched heavens at night, and say, if you can, "*There is no God!*" Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach the unbroken darkness of your intellect; every voice that

floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and folly.

Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled the blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of islands and of main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned, amid the clamor of storms, the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that flash in their gloom?

Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempests dwell, and beat the strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made *THEE*, O man! with thy perfected elegance of intellect and form? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering, and a herald to the first gorgeous flashes of the morning?

There is a God. All nature declares it in a language too plain to be misapprehended. The great truth is too legibly written over the face of the whole creation to be easily mistaken. Thou canst behold it in the tender blade just starting from the earth in the early spring, or in the sturdy oak that has withstood the blasts of fourscore winters. The purling rivulet, meandering through downy meads and verdant glens, and Niagara's tremendous torrent, leaping over its awful chasm, and rolling in majesty its broad sheet of waters onward to the ocean, unite in proclaiming—"THERE IS A GOD."

'Tis heard in the whispering breeze and in the howling storm; in the deep-toned thunder, and in the earthquake's shock; 'tis declared to us when the tempest lowers—when the hurricane sweeps over the land—when the winds moan around our dwellings, and die in sullen murmurs on the plain—when the heavens, overcast with blackness, ever and anon are illuminated by the lightning's glare.

Nor is the truth less solemnly impressed on our minds in the universal hush and calm repose of nature, when all is still as the soft breathings of an infant's slumber. The vast ocean, when its broad expanse is whitened with foam, and when its heaving waves roll mountain on mountain high, or when the dark blue of heaven's vault is reflected with beauty on its smooth and tranquil bosom, confirms

the declaration. The twinkling star, shedding its flickering rays so far above the reach of human ken, and the glorious sun in the heavens—all—all declare, there is a universal FIRST CAUSE.

And Man, the proud lord of creation, so fearfully and wonderfully made—each joint in its corresponding socket—each muscle, tendon, and artery, performing their allotted functions with all the precision of the most perfect mechanism—and, surpassing all, possessed of a soul capable of enjoying the most exquisite pleasure, or of enduring the most excruciating pain, which is endowed with immortal capacities, and is destined to live onward through the endless ages of eternity—these all unite in one general proclamation of the eternal truth—there is a Being, infinite in wisdom, who reigns over all, undivided and supreme—the Fountain of all life, Source of all light—from whom all blessings flow, and in whom all happiness centres.

NO GOD.

[Study variety and individual word expression.]

Is there no God? The white rose made reply,
My ermine robe was woven in the sky.
The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,
My plumage fell from hands that made the flower.

Is there no God? The silvery ocean spray
At the vile question startles in dismay;
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God!

Is there no God? The greedy worm that raves
In sportive glee amid the gloom of graves,
Proves a Divinity supremely good,
For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land;
And, ere his body mingles with the sod,
He, sweetly smiling, softly murmurs—God.

No God! Who broke the shackles from the slave?
 Who gave this bleeding nation power to save
 Its Flag and Union in the hour of gloom,
 And lay rebellion's spirit in the tomb?

We publish God!—The towering mountains cry.
 Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky,
 The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
 The lightning gleam, the thunder, and the rain,

The dew-drop diamond on the lily's breast,
 The tender leaf by every breeze caressed,
 The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
 And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves;

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,
 The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;
 The eagle, soaring in majestic flight,
 The morning bursting from the clouds of night,

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
 Angelic voices floating on the air,
 Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,
 And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting, disbelieving throng,
 Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;
 There is a God; remember while ye can,
 "His Spirit will not always strive with man."

N. K. RICHARDSON

THE MODERN CAIN.

[Opportunity is here afforded for great variety in expression, from pathetic to vehement, many passages requiring great intensity of feeling and utterance.]

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Long ago,
 When first the human heart-strings felt the touch
 Of Death's cold fingers—when upon the earth
 Shroudless and coffinless Death's first-born lay,
 Slain by the hand of violence, the wail

Of human grief arose—"My son, my son!
Awake thee from this strange and awful sleep;
A mother mourns thee, and her tears of grief
Are falling on thy pale, unconscious brow:
Awake and bless her with thy wonted smile."

In vain, in vain! that sleeper never woke.
His murderer fled, but on his brow was fixed
A stain which baffled wear and washing. As he fled,
A voice pursued him to the wilderness:
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

O, black impiety that seeks to shun
The dire responsibility of sin—
That cries with the ever warning voice:
"Be still—away, the crime is not my own—
My brother lived—is dead, when, where,
Or how, it matters not, but he is dead.
Why judge the living for the dead one's fall?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Cain, Cain,
Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
Cries up to heaven against thee: every stone
Will find a tongue to curse thee, and the winds
Will ever wail this question in thy ear:
"Where is thy brother?" Every sight and sound
Will mind thee of the lost.

I saw a man
Deal Death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursed gold;
And in the wine cup's ruddy glow sat Death,
Invisible to that poor trembling slave.
He seized the cup, he drank the poison down,
Rushed forth into the streets—home had he none—
Staggered and fell and miserably died.
They buried him—ah! little reck's it where
His bloated form was given to the worms.
No stone marked that neglected, lonely spot;
No mourner sorrowing at evening came
To pray by that unhallowed mound; no hand
Planted sweet flowers above his place of rest.
Years passed, and weeds and tangled briars grew
Above that sunken grave, and men forgot
Who slept there.

Once had he friends,
 A happy home was his, and love was his.
 His MARY loved him, and around him played
 His smiling children. O, a dream of joy
 Were those unclouded years, and, more than all,
 He had an interest in the world above.
 The big 'Old Bible' lay upon the stand,
 And he was wont to read its sacred page
 And then to pray: "Our Father, bless the poor,
 And save the tempted from the tempter's art;
 Save us from sin, and let us ever be
 United in thy love, and may we meet,
 When life's last scenes are o'er, around the throne."
 Thus prayed he—thus lived he—years passed,
 And o'er the sunshine of that happy home
 A cloud came from the pit; the fatal bolt
 Fell from that cloud. The towering tree
 Was shivered by the lightning's vengeful stroke,
 And laid its coronal of glory low.
 A happy home was ruined; want and woe
 Played with his children, and the joy of youth
 Left their sweet faces no more to return.
 His MARY's face grew pale and paler still,
 Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her soul
 Went out through those blue portals. MARY died,
 And yet he wept not. At the demon's call
 He drowned his sorrow in the maddening bowl,
 And when they buried her from sight, he sank
 In drunken stupor by her new made grave!
 His friend was gone—he never had another,
 And the world shrank from him, all save one,
 And he still plied the bowl with deadly drugs
 And bade him drink, forget his God, and die!

He died.

Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now!
 Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
 Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page:
 "No drunkard ever shall inherit there."
 Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
 Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
 While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
 His gold—his health—his life—his hope—his all?
 Who saw his MARY fade and die? Who saw
 His beggared children wandering in the streets?
 Speak—Coward—if thou hast a tongue,
 Tell why with hellish art you slew A MAN.

"Where is my brother?"
 "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Ah, man! A deeper mark is on your brow
 Than that of Cain. Accursed was the name
 Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul
 Was ripe for heaven; thrice accursed he
 Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell.

E. EVANS EDWARDS.

PASSING AWAY.

[Let the voice be as clear and *silvery* as possible, especially in the refrain.]

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
 That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he his notes as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
 Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
 Are set to words: as they float, they say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

But, no; it was not a fairy's shell,
 Blown on the beach so mellow and clear:
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
 Striking the hour, that fell on my ear,
 As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of Time;
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung,
 (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing.)
 And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow !
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And lo ! she had changed ; in a few short hours,
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,

That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride ;
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
 That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimmed, as when evening steals
 Upon noon's hot face ; yet one couldn't but love her ;
 For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;
 And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan ;
 Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
 Yet just as busily swung she on :
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crook'd and tarnished, but on they kept ;
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
 (Let me never forget, to my dying day,
 The tone or the burden of that lay)—
 " PASSING AWAY ! PASSING AWAY ! "

PIERPONT.

MAGDALENA; OR, THE SPANISH DUEL.

[The descriptive parts should be natural and vivacious—the conclusion, reflective. If the song be sung, the words should be clearly articulated. The Spanish portions should be given in a lively and confident manner. Impersonate the dying man by using a feeble, broken voice.]

Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago—
 Dwelt a lady in a villa
 Years and years ago—
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry bright;
 Olives on her brow were blooming,
 Roses red her lips perfuming,
 And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy;
 When she spoke, you thought each minute,
 'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
 When she sang, you heard a gush
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
 And she struck from the guitar
 Ringing music, sweeter far
 Than the morning breezes make
 Through the lime trees when they shake—
 Than the ocean murmuring o'er
 Pebbles on the foamy shore.

Orphaned both of sire and mother
 Dwelt she in that lonely villa;
 Absent now her guardian brother
 On a mission from Sevilla.
 Skills it little now the telling
 How I wooed that maiden fair,
 Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
 And obtained an entrance there.
 Ah! that lady of the villa!
 And I loved her so,
 Near the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago.

Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
 Sweet and sad and low,
 Voices came at night, recalling
 Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor
 Of the day was gone,
 And the twilight, soft and tender,
 Stole so gently on
 That the eye could scarce discover
 How the shadows, spreading over,
 Like a veil of silver gray,
 Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
 Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
 From the face of heaven away.
 And a dim light rising slowly
 O'er the welkin spread,
 Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
 Gleamed above our head;
 And the thin moon, newly nascent,
 Shone in glory meek and sweet,
 As Murillo paints her crescent
 Underneath Madonna's feet.
 And we sat outside the villa
 Where the waters flow
 Down to the city of Sevilla—
 Years and years ago.

There we sat—the mighty river
 Wound its serpent course along
 Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
 Famed in many a song.
 Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
 Yellow with the golden grain,
 Gliding down through deep, rich meadows,
 Where the sated cattle rove,
 Stealing underneath the shadows
 Of the verdant olive grove;
 With its plenitude of waters,
 Ever flowing calm and slow,
 Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
 Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower,
 Where the languid evening breeze
 Shook out odors in a shower
 From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
 How a Moorish chieftain bold
 Fought a Spanish caballero
 By Sevilla's walls of old,—

How they battled for a lady,
 Fairest of the maids of Spain—
 How the Christian's lance, so steady,
 Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving
 Flashed, as asked she with a smile—
 "Say, are maids as fair and loving—
 Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever
 Counted fairest of the fair;
 Like the swans on yonder river
 Moving with a stately air,—

"Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
 But, when won, forever true;
 Trial draws the bond more tightly,
 Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,
 Are—quien sabe? who can say?
 To make love they're ever ready,
 When they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
 In a changeful April day—
 Como brisas, como rios,
 No se sabe, sabe dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
 Who can answer that they are?
 While we may we should be happy."—
 Then I took up her guitar,
 And I sang in sportive strain
 This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE?"

L

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
 That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
 Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
 That you know not the region from which it is come)
 Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
 Hither and thither and whither—who knows?
 Who knows?
 Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?"

“ The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends adown to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising-wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who knows.
Who knows?
And away flows the river—but whither—who knows?

"Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along
 The river that ever rejoices in song;
 Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom,
 The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
 Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
 If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
 Who knows?
 Who knows?
 If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
 Who knows?"

**As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh :
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.**

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain,
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
 Bootless now to think or tell—
 Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
 By the mighty master spell.

**Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.**

**Words half-vague and passion-broken,
Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
That we never may recall.**

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
"Hóla! Señor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air—
(On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare.)

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—
"Señor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me:

"Señor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"—"No more, sir;

'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"
Said I to him, with a frown;

"Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your 'spada;
If you're up for a duello,
You will find I'm just your fellow—
Señor, I am PETER BROWN!"

By the river's bank that night,
 Foot to foot in strife,
 Fought we in the dubious light
 A fight of death or life.
 Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
 With the pain I grew the bolder,
 Close, and closer still I pressed;
 Fortune favored me at last,
 I broke his guard, my weapon passed
 Through the caballero's breast.

Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y—One groan
 And he lay motionless as stone.
 The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN!

Kneeling down, I raised his head;
 The caballero faintly said,
 "Signor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.
 If he be living still or dead,
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive puffing a cigar
 As I sit alone, reposing,
 Musing half, and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin-fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty caballero
 With his capa and sombrero,

And I vainly keep revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name;
 'Tis a riddle past my solving
 Who he was, or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned?
 Was he some former lover spurned?
 Or some family *fiancé*
 That the lady did not fancy?
 Was he any one of those?
 Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.
 Has she married a Hidalgo?
 Gone the way that ladies all go
 In those drowsy Spanish cities,
 Wasting life—a thousand pities—
 Waking up for a fiesta
 From an afternoon siesta,
 To "Giralda" now repairing,
 Or the Plaza for an airing;
 At the shaded *reja* flirting,
 At a bull-fight now disporting;
 Does she walk at evenings ever
 Through the gardens by the river?
 Guarded by an old duenna
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
 With her goggles and her fan
 Warning off each wicked man?
 Is she dead, or is she living?
 Is she for my absence grieving?
 Is she wretched, is she happy?
 Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

[At a New England dinner in New York, Mark Twain delivered the following speech, amidst frequent interruptions—of laughter and applause.]

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw

apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere, if they don't get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety; why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things that they will not stand. Every year they kill off a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wis-

consin region, see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then —. He doesn't know what the weather is to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there are going to be. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather. A perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments; but they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences merely to tune up, and scrape and saw and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the *baton* is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting

around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it), which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

S. L. CLEMENS.

MONA'S WATERS.

[Great variety in expression—light to grand description. Avoid monotony.]

Oh! Mona's waters are blue and bright
 When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
 But Mona's waves are dark as night
 When the face of heaven is clouded over.
 The wild wind drives the crested foam
 Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
 And booming echoes drown the voice,
 The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side
 The wrathful waves were up and beating,
 When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;
 With anxious brow and hurried greeting
 He bade the widowed mother send
 (While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
 Her fair young son across the flood,
 Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
 "Oh! yet delay, delay till morning,
 For weak the hand that guides our bark,
 Though brave his heart, all danger scorning."
 Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
 "The safety of my fortress tower
 Depends on tidings he must bring
 From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
 A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
 That flag a message brings to me
 Of which my foes are little dreaming.
 The boy *must* put his boat across
 (Gold shall repay his hour of danger),
 And bring me back, with care and speed,
 Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
 Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
 And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
 "I do but pay a vassal's duty;
 Fear not for me, O mother dear!
 See how the boat the tide is spurning;
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
 And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over the waves—the snowy-crested;
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested;
And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched with streaming eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed;
Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her—that mourning mother;
And once she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand was closed;
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand three letters dropped!—
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother o'er her dead child bending.
Oh! wildly laughed that woman then,
“Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of golden treasure?”

"Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
 But know, proud man, that God hath power
 To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.
 Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice,
 That used to win my heart from sorrow?
 Will silver warm the frozen blood,
 Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
 Go back and seek your mountain home,
 And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,
 Remember him who died to-night
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
 Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower
 But naught could bar the sickness out
 That stole within fair Annie's bower.
 The o'erblown floweret in the sun
 Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
 And so she sank—her voice grew faint,
 Her laugh no longer sounded gayly.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
 As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
 And from her sweet and serious eyes
 They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
 "Bring aid! Bring aid!" the father cries;
 "Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
 "The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
 Her pulse is faint—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
 And met his own with parting sorrow,
 For well she knew, that fading girl,
 That he must weep and wail the morrow.
 Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
 And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
 What thought he on? The widow's son,
 And the stormy night by Mona's water.

THE FAMINE.

[The greeting of the guests, the prayer, the echo, the visions, and the terror of the dying Minnehaha, the wailing of Nokomis, and the parting words of Hiawatha should receive special attention.]

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two gloomy guests in silence,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water,
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water;
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the madden'd Hiawatha;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness,
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward;
 "Gitchie Manito, the Mighty!"
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 "Give your children food, O Father!
 Give us food, or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha!"
 Through the far-resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 "MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
 In that melancholy forest,
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,
 In the pleasant days of Summer,
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
 He had brought his young wife homeward
 From the land of the Dacotahs;
 When the birds sang in the thickets,
 And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,
 And the air was full of fragrance,
 And the lovely Laughing Water
 Said with voice that did not tremble,
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests, that watch'd her,
 With the Famine and the Fever,
 She was lying, the Beloved,
 She the dying Minnehaha.
 "Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" said she; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perish'd for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shudder'd
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never

More would lightly run to meet him,
 Never more would lightly follow.
 With both hands his face he cover'd,
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,
 As if in a swoon he sat there,
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
 In the snow a grave they made her,
 In the forest deep and darksome,
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
 Clothed her in her richest garments;
 Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
 Clothed her with snow, like ermine;
 Thus they buried Minnehaha,
 And at night a fire was lighted,
 On her grave four times was kindled,
 For her soul upon its journey
 To the Islands of the Blessed.
 From his doorway Hiawatha
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
 From his sleepless bed uprising,
 From the bed of Minnehaha,
 Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
 That it might not be extinguish'd,
 Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body.
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the Land of the Hereafter!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

[This grand poem was written by the author of *Betsy and I are Out*, appearing in *Our Fireside Friend*. It will be found a valuable exercise for practice.]

I.

'Twas night in the beautiful city,
The famous and wonderful city,
The proud and magnificent city,
The Queen of the North and the West.

The riches of nations were gathered in wondrous and plentiful store;
The swift-speeding bearers of Commerce were waiting on river and shore;
The great staring walls towered skyward, with visage undaunted and bold,
And said, "We are ready, O Winter! come on with your hunger and cold!
Sweep down with your storms from the Northward! come out from your ice-guarded lair!
Our larders have food for a nation! our wardrobes have clothing to spare!
For off from the corn-bladed prairies, and out from the valleys and hills,
The farmer has swept us his harvests, the miller has emptied his mills;
And here, in the lap of our city, the treasures of Autumn shall rest,
In golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West!"

II.

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,
The templed and altar-decked city,
The sacred and spire-adorned city,
The Queen of the North and the West.

And out from the beautiful temples that Wealth in its fullness had made,
And out from the haunts that were humble, where Poverty peacefully prayed,
Where praises and thanks had been offered to Him where they rightly belonged,
In peacefulness quietly homeward the worshipping multitude thronged.
The Pharisee, laden with riches and jewelry, costly and rare,
Who proudly deigned thanks to Jehovah he was not as other men are;
The penitent, crushed in his weakness, and laden with pain and with sin,
The outcast, who yearningly waited to hear the glad bidding, "Come in;"

And thus went they quietly homeward, with sins and omissions confessed,
In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West.

III.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,
The turbulent, vice-laden city,
The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,
Though Queen of the North and the West.
And low in their caves of pollution great beasts of humanity growled,
And over his money-strewn table the gambler bent fiercely, and scowled;
And men with no seeming of manhood, with countenance flaming and fell,
Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains that spring from the rivers of hell;
And men with no seeming of manhood, who dreaded the coming of day,
Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased plunder from men who were better than they,
And men with no seeming of manhood, whose dearest-craved glory was shame,
Whose joys were the sorrows of others, whose harvests were acres of flame,
Slunk, whispering and low, in their corners, with bowie and pistol tight-pressed,
In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago, though Queen of the North and the West.

IV.

'Twas night in the elegant city,
The rich and voluptuous city,
The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,
Gay Queen of the North and the West.
And childhood was placidly resting in slumber untroubled and deep;
And softly the mother was fondling her innocent baby to sleep;
And maidens were dreaming of pleasures and triumphs the future should show,
And scanning the brightness and glory of joys they were never to know;
And firesides were cheerful and happy, and Comfort smiled sweetly around;
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked into the window and frowned.
And pitying angels looked downward, and gazed on their loved ones below,
And longed to reach forth a deliverance, and yearned to beat backward the foe;

But Pleasure and Comfort were reigning, nor danger was spoken or guessed,
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen of the North and the West.

V.

Then up in the streets of the city,
The careless and negligent city,
The soon-to-be-sacrificed city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,
Crept, softly and slyly, so tiny it hardly was worthy the name,
Crept, slowly and soft through the rubbish, a radiant serpent of flame.
The South-wind and West-wind came shrieking, "Rouse up in your strength and your ire!
For many a year they have chained you, and crushed you, O demon of fire!
For many a year they have bound you, and made you their servant and slave!
Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a fiery and desolate grave!
Freight heavy with grief and with wailing her world-scattered pride and renown!
Charge straight on her mansions of splendor, and batter her battlements down!
And we, the strong South-wind and West-wind, with thrice-doubled fury possessed,
Will sweep with you over this city, the Queen of the North and the West!"

VI.

Then straight at the great quiet city,
The strong and o'er-confident city,
The well-nigh invincible city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,
The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and speeded them forth on the wind,
With tinder and treasures before him, with ruins and tempests behind.
The tenement crushed 'neath his footstep, the mansion oped wide at his knock;
And walls that had frowned him defiance, they trembled and fell with a shock;
And down on the hot, smoking house-tops, came raining a deluge of fire;
And serpents of flame writhed and clambered and twisted on steeple and spire;
And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the city of riches and fame,
Was swept by a storm of destruction, was flooded by billows of flame.
The Fire-king loomed high in his glory, with crimson and flame-streaming crest,
And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago, doomed Queen of the North and the West.

VII.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,
 The fearful and panic-struck city,
 The startled and fire-deluged city,
 Rushed back from the South and the West.
 And loudly the fire-bells were clanging, and ringing their funeral
 notes;
 And loudly wild accents of terror came pealing from thousands of
 throats;
 And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling, and loud the wheel's clatter
 and creak;
 And loud was the calling for succor from those who were sightless and
 weak;
 And loud were the hoofs of the horses, and loud was the tramping of
 feet,
 And loud was the gale's ceaseless howling through fire-lighted alley
 and street;
 But louder, yet louder, the crashing of roofs and of walls as they fell,
 And louder, yet louder, the roaring that told of the coming of hell.
 The Fire-king threw back his black mantle from off his great blood-
 dappled breast,
 And sneered in the face of Chicago, the Queen of the North and the
 West.

VIII.

'Twas morn in the desolate city,
 The ragged and ruin-heaped city,
 The homeless and hot-smoking city,
 The grief of the North and the West.
 But down from the West came the bidding, "O Queen, lift in courage
 thy head!
 Thy friends and thy neighbors awaken, and hasten, with raiment and
 bread!"
 And up from the South came the bidding, "Cheer up, fairest Queen
 of the Lakes!
 For comfort and aid shall be coming from out our savannahs and
 brakes!"
 And down from the North came the bidding, "O City, be hopeful of
 cheer!
 We've somewhat to spare for thy sufferers, for all of our suffering here!"
 And up from the East came the bidding, "O City, be dauntless and
 bold!
 Look hither for food and for raiment—look hither for credit and gold!"
 And all through the world went the bidding, "Bring hither your
 choicest and best,
 For weary and hungry Chicago—sad Queen of the North and the
 West!"

IX.

O crushed, but invincible city !
 O broken, but fast-rising city !
 O glorious, but unconquered city,
 Still Queen of the North and the West !

The long, golden years of the future, with treasures increasing and rare,
 Shall glisten upon thy rich garments—shall twine in the folds of thy
 hair !

From out the black heaps of thy ruins new columns of beauty shall
 rise,

And glittering domes shall fling grandly our nation's proud flag to the
 skies !

From off the wide prairies of splendor the treasures of Autumn shall
 pour,

The breezes shall sweep from the Northward, and hurry the ships to
 thy shore !

For Heaven will look downward in mercy on those who've passed
 under the rod,

And happ'ly again they will prosper, and bask in the blessings of God.
 Once more thou dost stand mid the cities, by prosperous breezes
 caressed,

O, grand and unconquered Chicago, still Queen of the North and the
 West !

WILL M. CARLETON.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

[This should be rendered in the tender, pathetic voice of a child,
 and, when so given, it is exquisitely beautiful. The sad, touching
 voice should kindle with expectation at the close.]

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
 With my torn old dress, and bare, cold feet,
 All day have I wandered to and fro,
 Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go ;
 The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
 And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.
 Oh ! why does the wind blow upon me so wild ?
 Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth, and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in their rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And their mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed?
For no dear mother on me ever smiled.
Why is it, I wonder, I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me, e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

They tell me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet tender eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storm so wild;
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

PHILA H. CASE.

MAUD MULLER.

[Simple conversational style; avoid rhythm.]

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah, me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silk so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay ;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside-well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain;
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall—

In the shade of the apple-trees again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

[This touching incident in English history should be read without formality of manner, in which case it makes a choice reading. Study variety.]

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the foreheads of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and
white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark, so damp, and
cold—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely
white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young
heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed
tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right.
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful
brow,
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and
bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church
door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew *shall* not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her
brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall *not* ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and
fro;

And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once
more

Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-
night."

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against
Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."—*Deut.*
xxxiv: 6.

[Characteristic—Effusive Orotund.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with the golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

[Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him, and cried out: "Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"]

"THERE!" answered the preacher, in tones of thunder, pointing his motionless finger at a spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth.]

"THERE!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, *there* God brews it: and *down*, low *down* in the deepest valleys, where the

fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunderstorms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roll the chorus, sweeping the march of God—*there* He brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.

“And *everywhere* it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintery world; and weaving the many-colored bow, that seraph’s zone of the siren—whose warp is the rain-drop of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

“Still *always* it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not *madness and murder*; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard’s shrinking ghost, from the grave, curses it in the worlds of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the *demon’s* drink, ALCOHOL?” *A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered,* “No!”

JOHN B. GOUGH.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

[An impersonation. “Who! Whoo! Whooo!” should be given with high pitch, descending slides, and tremulous stress on “Whooo!”]

’Twas in the summer of ’46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the “ould sod,” and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on

and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door ; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say ! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it ! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone ! och hone ! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister ; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will ! Whip poor Will !" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it's more

in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're after spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggins."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggins! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggins, I say—do you hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggurd naygur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impident as iver.

I said never a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. When I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for awhile, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, lavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of gurls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a burd," sez he.

"Do you tell me now?" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare burd."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair

between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

[Aspirate and Pectoral qualities of voice are here employed.]

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by love or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
 Sodn made her untrue to her vows;
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
 He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
 The revelry now was begun:
 The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
 When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
 A stranger was placed by her side:
 His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
 He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around,
 But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
 His armor was sable to view;
 All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
 The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
 The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
 The guests sat in silence and fear;
 At length spake the bride—while she trembled—"I pray,
 Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
 His visor he slowly unclosed;
 Oh, God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eye!
 What words can express her dismay and surprise
 When a skeleton's head was exposed?

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
 All turned with disgust from the scene;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre addressed Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!" he cried;
 "Remember Alonzo the Brave!
 God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey thro' the wide-yawning ground,
 Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron ; and none, since that time,
 To inhabit the castle presume ;
 For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,
 Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around !

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them the spectres are seen ;
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl : " To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 And his consort, the Fair Imogine ! "

OVER THE RIVER.

[Employ the effusive form, and avoid rhythm.]

Over the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side ;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there ;
 The gates of the city we could not see ;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet ;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

MISS PRIEST.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

[Sebastian Gomez was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. The following incident occurred about the year 1630. The picture which he was found painting, as described below, together with others of high merit, may yet be seen in the churches of Seville.]

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where

Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face ;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dream was there !

Murillo entered, and amazed
On the mysterious painting gazed ;
" Whose work is this ?—speak, tell me !—he
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher, eagerly,
" Will yet be master of us all,
Would I had done it !—Ferdinand !
Isturitz, Mendez !—say, whose hand
Among ye all ?"—With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered—" 'Twas not I ! "

" How came it then ? " impatiently
Murillo cried ; " but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian ! "

At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,
Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave,
For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened—if he did not tell
The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.

"Thou answerest not," Murillo said;
 (The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
 "Speak on!"—At last he raised his head,
 And murmured, "No one has been here."
 "'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
 And clasped his hands imploringly,
 And said, "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know
 Who enters here—there have been found
 Before, rough sketches strewn around,
 By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;
 See that to-night strict watch you keep,
 Nor dare to close your eyes to sleep.
 If on to-morrow morn you fail
 To answer what I ask,
 The lash shall force you—do you hear?
 Hence! to your daily task."

.

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
 From one small lamp a dim uncertain ray
 Within Murillo's study—all were gone
 Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,
 Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
 'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save
 That, to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
 One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen
 Not thrice five summers yet,
 But genius marked the lofty brow,
 O'er which his locks of jet
 Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
 Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
 Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
 To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.
 "The lash, if I refuse to tell
 Who sketched those figures—if I do,
 Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon cell!"
 He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid;
 It came—for soon, in slumber laid,
 He slept until the dawning day
 Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now,
 Three hours of freedom I may gain
 Before my master comes; for then
 I shall be but a slave again.
 Three blessed hours of freedom! how
 Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
 The figure on that canvas traced
 Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
 Gave to the head a softened glow;
 Gazing enraptured on the sight
 He cried, "Shall I efface it?—No!
 That breathing lip! that beaming eye!
 Efface them?—I would rather die!"

The terror of the humble slave
 Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
 Of the high feelings Nature gave—
 Which only gifted spirits know.
 He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
 His pencil had some magic power;
 The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
 Sebastian then forgot the hour,
 Forgot his master, and the threat
 Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
 For, with each touch, new beauties met
 And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
 He gazed—could aught more beauteous be!—
 Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
 Then started—horror chilled his blood!
 His master and the pupils all
 Were there, e'en at his side!
 The terror-stricken slave was mute—
 Mercy would be denied,
 E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
 And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
 They gazed upon that perfect face,
 Each with an artist's joy;
 At length Murillo silence broke,
 And with affected sternness spoke—
 "Who is your master, boy?"
 "You, Senor," said the trembling slave.

"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."

"I gave you none," Murillo cried!
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
"What you to others said."

"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed?
Reward or punishment?"

"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.

(Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)

"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose
Your own reward—what shall it be?"

Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
Then speak at once and fearlessly."

"Oh! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt,
And feelings he could not control
(But feared to utter even then)
With strong emotion shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essay'd in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpowering dread.

He scarcely heard, till some one said,
"Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
Ask for your *freedom*!"—At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:

At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—

"Oh! master, make my *father* free!"

"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"

Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.

"Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
 Of generous feeling passed his lips,
 Sebastian's talents soon must lead
 To fame that would his own eclipse;
 And, constant to his purpose still,
 He joyed to see his pupil gain,
 Beneath his care such matchless skill
 As made his name the pride of Spain.

SUSAN WILSON.

THE INQUIRY.

[The refrain, "No," should be given in a manner appropriate to the circumstances under which it is uttered.]

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island far away,
 Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs—
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopp'd for awhile, and sigh'd to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me, in all thy round hast thou not seen some spot
 Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
 And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul; oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot where mortals may be bless'd,
 Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd—"Yes, IN HEAVEN."

CHARLES MACKAY.

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.

[Great pathos at the close.]

Come, mother, set the kettle on,
 And put the ham and eggs to fry;
 Something to eat,
 And make it neat,
 To please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
 For Jamie is our all, you know,
 The rest have perished long ago!
 He's coming from the wars to-night,
 And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
 And his old smile will play right free,
 His old loved home again to see.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
 That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
 Five were the years,
 With hopes and fears,
 And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled;
 And many a night the past five year,
 We've lain within our cottage here,
 And while the rain-storm came and went,
 We've thought of Jamie, in his tent;
 And offered many a silent prayer
 That God would keep him in His care.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
 That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
 Five were the years,
 With blood and tears,
 With cruel, bloody battles filled;
 And many a morn, the past five year,
 We've knelt around our fireside here,
 And while we thought of bleeding ones,
 Our blazing towns and smoking guns,
 We've thought of him and breathed a prayer
 That God would keep him in His care.

Nay, Addie, girl, just come away,
 Touch not a dish upon the shelf!
 Mother well knows
 Just how it goes,
 Mother shall set it all herself!
 There's nothing to a wanderer's looks
 Equal to food that mother cooks;

There's nothing to a wanderer's taste
Like food where mother's hand is traced;
Though good a sister's heart and will,
A mother's love is better still.

She knows the side to put his plate,
She knows the place to put his chair;
Many a day,
With spirits gay,
He's talked and laughed and eaten there:
And though five years have come and gone,
Our hearts for him beat truly on,
And keep a place for him to-day,
As well as ere he went away;
And he shall take, as good as new,
His old place at the table, too!

And opposite to him, again,
Your place, my Addie, girl, shall be;
Mother, your place,
And kind old face,
I'll still have opposite to me;
And we will talk of olden days,
Of all our former words and ways,
And we will tell him what has passed
Since he, dear boy, was with us last;
And how our eyes have fast grown dim,
Whenever we conversed of him.

And he shall tell us of his fights,
His marches, skirmishes, and all;
Many a tale
Will make us pale,
And pity those who had to fall;
And many a tale of sportive style
Will go, perhaps, to make us smile;
And when his stories are all done,
And when the evening well has gone,
We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

Hark!—there's a sound! he's coming now.
Hark, mother! there's the sound once more!
Now on our feet,
With smiles to greet,
We'll meet him at the opening door!
It is a heavy step and tone,
Too heavy, far, for one alone,

Perhaps the company extends
To some of his old army friends,
And who they be, and whence they came.
Of course, we'll welcome them all the same.

What bear ye on your shoulders, men?
Is it my Jamie, stark and dead?
What did you say?
Once more, I pray,
I did not gather what you said.
What! *drunk*? you tell that LIE to me?
What! DRUNK! Oh, God, it cannot be!
It cannot be my Jamie dear,
Lying in drunken slumbers here!—
It is, it is, as you have said!
Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.

'Tis Jamie, yes! a bearded man,
Though bearing still some boyhood's trace,
Stained with the ways
Of reckless days—
Flushed with the wine cup in his face,
Swelled with the fruits of reckless years,
Robbed of each trait that e'er endears,
Except the heart-distressing one
That Jamie is our only son.

Oh! mother, take the kettle off,
And put the ham and eggs away!
What was my crime,
And when the time,
That I should live to see this day?
For all the sighs I ever drew,
And all the griefs I ever knew,
And all the cares that creased my brow,
Were naught to what comes o'er me now.

I would to God that when the three
We lost were hidden from our view,
Jamie had died,
And by their side
Had laid, all pure and spotless, too!
I would this rain might fall above
The grave of him we joyed to love,
Rather than hear its coming traced
Upon the roof he has disgraced!
But, mother, Addie, come this way,
And let us kneel, and humbly pray.

WILL M. CARLETON.

BRIDGET AS A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

[The following and other selections are taken, by permission of the author, from that humorous book entitled "Elbow-Room." In reading, impersonate.]

Millburg was in want of a school-teacher. Accordingly, the board of directors advertised for a suitable person, instructing applicants to call upon Judge Twiddler, the chairman. A day or two later Mrs. Twiddler advertised in a city paper for a cook, and upon the same afternoon an Irish girl came to the house to obtain the place in the kitchen. The Judge was sitting upon the front porch at the time reading a newspaper; and when the girl entered the gate of the yard, he mistook her for a school-mistress, and he said to her :—

"Did you come about that place?"

"Yes, sor," she answered.

"Oh, very well, then; take a seat and I'll run over a few things in order to ascertain what your qualifications are. Bound Africa.

"If you please, sor, I don't know what you mean."

"I say, bound Africa."

"Bou—bou— Begorra, I don't know what ye're ferrin' to."

"Very strange," said the Judge. "Can you tell me if 'amphibious' is an adverb or a preposition? What is an adverb?"

"Indade, and ye bother me intirely. I never had anything to do wid such things at my last place."

"Then it must have been a curious sort of an institution," said the Judge. "Probably you can tell me how to conjugate the verb 'to be,' and just mention, also, what you know about Herodotus."

"Ah, yer Honor's jokin' wid me. Be done wid yer fun, now."

"Did you ever hear of Herodotus?"

"Never once in the whole coorse of my life. Do you make it with eggs?"

"This is the most extraordinary woman I ever encountered," murmured the Judge. "How she ever associated

Herodotus with the idea of eggs is simply incomprehensible. Well, can you name the hemisphere in which China and Japan are situated?"

"Don't bother me wid your fun, now. I can wash the china and the pans as well as anybody, and that's enough, now, isn't it?"

"Dumb! awful dumb! Don't know the country from the crockery. I'll try her once more. Name the limits of the Tropic of Capricorn, and tell me where Asia Minor is located."

"I have a brother that's one, sor; that's all I know about it."

"One? One what?"

"Didn't ye ask me after the miners, sor? My brother Teddy works wid 'em."

"And this," said the Judge, "is the kind of person to whom we are asked to entrust the education of youth. Woman, what do you know? What kind of a school have you been teaching?"

"None, sor. What should I teach school for?"

"Totally without experience, as I supposed," said the Judge.

"Mrs. Ferguson had a governess teach the children when I was cookin' for her."

"Cooking! ~~Ain't~~ ^{aren't} you a school-teacher? What do you mean by proposing to stop cooking in order to teach school? Why, it's preposterous."

"Begorra, I came here to get the cook's place, sor, and that's all of it."

"Oh, by George! I see now. You ~~ain't~~ ^{aren't} a candidate for the grammar school, after all. You want to see Mrs. Twiddler. Maria, come down here a minute. There's a thick-headed immigrant here wants to cook for you."

And the Judge picked up his paper and resumed the editorial on "The Impending Crisis."

They obtained a good teacher, however, and the course of affairs in the girls' department was smooth enough; but just after the opening of the fall session there was some trouble in the boys' department.

Mr. Barnes, the master, read in the *Educational Monthly* that boys could be taught history better than in any other way by letting each boy in the class represent some his-

torical character, and relate the acts of that character as if he had done them himself. This struck Barnes as a mighty good idea, and he resolved to put it in practice. The school had then progressed so far in its study of the history of Rome as the Punic wars, and Mr. Barnes immediately divided the boys into two parties, one Romans and the other Carthaginians, and certain of the boys were named after the leaders upon both sides. All the boys thought it was a fine thing, and Barnes noticed that they were so anxious to get to the history lesson that they could hardly say their other lessons properly.

When the time came, Barnes ranged the Romans upon one side of the room and the Carthaginians on the other. The recitation was very spirited, each party telling about its deeds with extraordinary unction. After awhile Barnes asked a Roman to describe the battle of Cannæ. Whereupon the Romans hurled their copies of "Wayland's Moral Science" at the enemy. Then the Carthaginians made a battering-ram out of a bench and jammed it among the Romans, who retaliated with a volley of books, slates, and chewed paper-balls. Barnes concluded that the battle of Cannæ had been sufficiently illustrated, and he tried to stop it; but the warriors considered it too good a thing to let drop, and accordingly the Carthaginians dashed over to the Romans with another battering-ram and thumped a couple of them savagely.

Then the Romans turned in, and the fight became general. A Carthaginian would grasp a Roman by the hair and hustle him around over the desk in a manner that was simply frightful, and a Roman would give a fiendish whoop and knock a Carthaginian over the head with "Greenleaf's Arithmetic." Hannibal got the head of Scipio Africanus under his arm, and Scipio, in his efforts to break away, stumbled, and the two generals fell and had a rough-and-tumble fight under the blackboard. Caius Gracchus prodded Hamilcar with a ruler, and the latter, in his struggles to get loose, fell against the stove and knocked down about thirty feet of stove-pipe. Thereupon the Romans made a grand rally, and in five minutes they chased the entire Carthaginian army out of the school-room, and Barnes along with it; and then they locked the door and began to hunt up the apples and lunch in the desks of the enemy.

After consuming the supplies they went to the windows and made disagreeable remarks to the Carthaginians, who were standing in the yard, and dared old Barnes to bring the foe once more into battle array. Then Barnes went for a policeman; and when he knocked at the door it was opened, and all the Romans were found busy studying their lessons. When Barnes came in with the defeated troops he went for Scipio Africanus; and pulling him out of his seat by the ear, he thrashed that great military genius with a rattan until Scipio began to cry, whereupon Barnes dropped him and began to paddle Caius Gracchus. Then things settled down in the old way, and next morning Barnes announced that history in the future would be studied as it always had been; and he wrote a note to the *Educational Monthly* to say that in his opinion the man who suggested the new system ought to be led out and shot. The boys do not now take as much interest in Roman history as they did on that day.

MAX ADELER.

THE BELFRY OF GHENT.

[Imitative modulation should be employed in *The Chimes*, the voice being made to resemble the ringing of bells.]

Hast thou ever known the feeling
 I have felt, when I have seen,
 'Mid the tombs of aged heroes—
 Memories of what hath been—
 What it is to view the present
 In the light of by-gone days;
 From an eminence to ponder
 Human histories and ways?

Once I stood with soul enchanted,
 Lost in deep astonishment,
 On the lofty, dark old belfry
 Of the ancient town of Ghent.
 From the height I looked below me,
 Saw the quaint old city lie,
 Full of glorious recollections,
 Climbing up to memory.

Toilsome was the steep ascending,
 By that broken flight of stairs;
 But the end was like the pleasure
 Oft derived from weary cares:
 Like the steps that lift us upward
 To the aim we have designed;
 Like the stages leading onward
 To the things we seek to find.

From that noble height of vision,
 To that distant azure sky,
 Thrill, my heart, the swelling anthem,
 Taught and tuned by memory!
 Celebrate the deeds of glory;
 Sing the hearts that throbbed and beat;
 Sing the hands that stayed the throbbing;
 Songs like these, my harp, repeat!

Tell the days of ancient heroes,
 On a nobler errand sent—
 Old Saint Bavon, once a soldier,
 Now the patron saint of Ghent.
 Show the tomb of Saint Columba,
 Erin's and Iona's pride;
 Let me gather leaves and flowers
 From its green and mossy side.

Chime, ye merry ringing changes,
 Booming through the liquid air;
 Though ye tell that Time is passing,
 Ye are what ye ever were!
 Yes, the same sad midnight chiming,
 Yes, the self-same peals by day;
 Have ye not a voice that speaketh?
 Tell me, therefore, what ye say!

THE CHIMES.

"We speak of days long, long ago;
 We speak of Time now given;
 We speak of Time that's yet to come,
 And say—Prepare for Heaven!
 Twice we tell the hours in passing—
 First by due advertisement;
 Then we tell the hour's departure—
 We, the bells of ancient Ghent.

" We have told the birth of princes ;
 Sounded forth the marriage bell ;
 We have sung the *Miserere* ;
 We have rung the last farewell ;
 Varied still, but true the tidings,
 Sounding from our belfry floor ;
 Yet the time is coming, coming,
 When our bells shall chime no more.

Yes, the day is hastening onward,
 When all earthly tongues shall cease ;
 And the chimes that sung their praises
 Shall be stilled when all is peace.
 Till that day sound forth your measures,
 Ring your changes to the last ;
 And, amid the tomb of ages,
 Tell the virtues of the past.

Still I saw the waking vision,
 Read the memories of old,
 Till the changes chimed the vesper,
 And the hour of evening tolled.
 Thus I mused, and thought, and pondered,
 Lost in deep astonishment,
 On the well-remembered belfry
 Of the ancient town of Ghent.

ROBERT MAGUIRE.

THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

[With great expression.]

" Build me straight, O worthy Master !
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! "

The merchant's word,
 Delighted, the Master heard ;
 For his heart was in his work, and the heart
 Giveth grace unto every art.
 And with a voice that was full of glee,
 He answered, " Ere long we will launch
 A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,
 As ever weathered a wintry sea ! "

All is finished ! and, at length,
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength,
To-day the vessel shall be launched !
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched ;
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day ;
Her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waived his hand ;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard
All around them and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see ! she stirs !
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her feet the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—

"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray ;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer.
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MABEL; OR, THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

[This selection contains great variety of expression. The storm should be vividly depicted. The conclusion should be marked by the plaintive effusive.]

Mabel, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,

And sees the beacon light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan,
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobbs and grieves,
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe,
Wringing as she stands
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm,
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father,—you are weeping;
O, Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a-steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight,
And your father knows
The perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel, darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry, old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls, for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea.
God pity them! God pity them!

Wherever they may be.
 God pity wives and sweethearts
 Who wait and wait in vain,
 And pity little Mabel,
 With her face against the pane!

A boom! the lighthouse gun.
 How it echoes, rolls and rolls,—
 'Tis to warn home-bound ships
 Off the shoals.
 See! a rocket cleaves the sky
 From the fort, a shaft of light!
 See, it fades, and fading leaves
 Golden furrows on the night!
 What makes Mabel's cheek so pale
 What makes Mabel's lips so white?
 Did she see the helpless sail
 That tossing here and there
 Like a feather in the air,
 Went down and out of sight,
 Down, down and out of sight?
 O, watch no more, no more,
 With face against the pane—
 You cannot see the men that drown
 By the beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
 Breaks the morning clear and cold,
 And the angel on the village spire,
 Frost touched, is bright as gold.
 Four ancient fishermen
 In the pleasant autumn air
 Come toiling up the sands,
 With something in their hands.
 Two bodies stark and white,
 Ah! so ghastly in the light,
 With sea weed in their hair.
 O, ancient fishermen,
 Go up to yonder cot!
 You'll find a little child
 With face against the pane,
 Who looks toward the beach
 And looking sees it not.
 She will never watch again,
 Never watch and wake at night,
 For those pretty saintly eyes,
 Look beyond the stormy skies,
 And they see the beacon light.

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE BURNING SHIP.

[Heavy force, simple description, tremulous aspirate, effusive explosive and calling voice should all be employed. Study carefully.]

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
"O Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship like an arrow divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune—to whistle a tune.
There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.

The fond mother pressed her young babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore.
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall;
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."
Ah, gently the ship glided over the sea!
Hark! what was that? Hark! Hark to the shout!
"Fire!" Then a tramp, and a rout, and a tumult of voices uprose on
the air—
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side—
Oh, there was her refuge whate'er might betide.
"Fire!" "Fire!" It was raging above and below—
And the checks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,

And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.
 "O God, it is fearful to perish by fire."
 Alone with destruction, alone on the sea;
 "Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee."

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
 They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave.
 First entered the mother, enfolding her child:
 It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled.
 Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
 And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day—
 They prayed for the light, and, at noontide about,
 The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
 "Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
 "They see us, they see us, the signal is waved!
 They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us:
 Huzza! we are saved."

ATTACK OF THE CUMBERLAND.

[The following describes the fatal encounter of the Cumberland and the Merrimac, on March 7, 1862. Strive to bring out the scene vividly in reading.]

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried;
 Small need to pass the word;
 Our men at quarters ranged themselves
 Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
 "What thing is that, I say?
 A 'longshore meeting-house adrift
 Is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris's face;
 The strange, dark craft he knew;
 "That is the iron Merrimac,
 Manned by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns and point them straight:
 Before this day goes by,
 We'll try of what her metal's made."
 A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place ;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this ; or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly !"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed ; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared :
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked—everything but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadsides rang ;
Our heavy pivots roared ;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her side we poured.

God's mercy ! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced ;

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not ; no guns she fired ;
Straight on our bow she bore ;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas ! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed—

Alas ! alas ! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-board !

Once more she backward drew *space* ;
Once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam ;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast ;
We knew our time was brief :
" Ho ! man the pumps ! " But they who worked,
And fought not, wept with grief.

" Oh ! keep us but an hour afloat !
Oh ! give us only time
To mete unto yon rebel crew
The measure of their crime !

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then :
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's-crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
And up from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay ;

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—
As men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again!"

We turned: we did not like to go;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood:
"Another turn, men, so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflown;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves,
Our gallant vessel rushed;
A thousand gurgling watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more;
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank ;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God ! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak !

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh, let that ensign fly !
The noblest constellation set
Against the northren sky—

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave ;
A monument that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

[Opportunity is here afforded for vigorous expression. Study variety.]

Toll ! Roland, toll !
In old Saint Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke ;
And all that slept in Ghent awoke !
What meant the thunder stroke ?
Why trembled wife and maid ?
Why caught each man his blade ?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
All flying to the city's wall ?
It was the morning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe !

And even timid hearts grew bold
 Whenever Roland tolled,
 And every hand a sword could hold!
 And every arm could bend a bow!
 So acted men
 Like patriots then—
 Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue!
 If men be patriots still,
 At thy first sound,
 True hearts will bound,
 Great souls will thrill!
 Then toll! and let thy test
 Try each man's breast,
 And let him stand confest.

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Not now in old Saint Bavon's tower;
 Not now at midnight hour;
 Not now from river Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
 But here,—this side the sea!—
 Toll here, in broad, bright day!—
 For not by night awaits
 A noble foe without the gates,
 But perjured friends within betray,
 And do the deed at noon!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Thy sound is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
 Re-echo it from East to West,
 Till every hero's breast
 Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!
 Toll! Roland, toll,
 Till cottager from cottage-wall
 Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!
 The heritage of sire to son
 Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till swords from scabbards leap!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 What tears can widows weep
 More bitter than when brave men fall!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 In shadowed hut and hall
 Shall lie the soldier's pall,

And hearts shall break while graves are filled !
 Amen ! so God hath willed !
 And may His grace anoint us all !

Toll ! Roland, toll !
 The Dragon on thy tower
 Stands sentry to this hour,
 And Freedom now is safe in Ghent !
 And merrier bells now ring,
 And in the land's serene content,
 Men shout " God save the King !"
 Until the skies are rent !
 So let it be !
 A kingly king is he
 Who keeps his people free !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !
 Ring out across the sea !
 No longer, *they*, but *we*,
 Have now such need of thee !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !
 Nor ever let thy throat
 Keep dumb its warning note
 Till Freedom's perils be outbraved !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !
 Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
 Shall shadow not a man enslaved !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !
 From Northern lake to Southern strand !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !
 Till friend and foe, at thy command,
 Shall clasp once more each other's hand,
 And shout, one-voiced, " God save the land !"
 And love the land that God hath saved !
 Toll ! Roland, toll !

THEODORE TILTON.

POETRY.

[Poetry may be considered in a twofold view, as a spirit and a manifestation. Perhaps the poetic spirit has never been more justly defined, than by Byron in his *Prophecy of Dante*,—a creation

" From overfeeling good or ill, an aim
 At an eternal life beyond our fate."

This spirit may be manifested by language, metrical or prose, by declamation, by musical sounds, by expression, by gesture, by motion, and

by imitating forms, colors and shades ; so that literature, oratory, music, physiognomy, acting, and the arts of painting and sculpture may all have their poetry ; but that peculiar spirit, which alone gives the great life and charm to all the efforts of genius, is as distinct from the measure and rhyme of poetical composition, as from the scientific principles of drawing and perspective.]

The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled,
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons in a choir
Forever charming, and forever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms ;
Or tones that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skillful, and moved with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peals of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingle with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array ;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,

With all existences, in earth and Heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language winged with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commissioned to affright us and destroy.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling when my eye looked forth
On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladdened, as the light of spring
Came from the sun, with zephyrs, and with showers
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O, how I gazed upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's Heaven of glory, and the waves,
That rolled, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning, and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That rolled in deep, deep volleys, round the hills
The warning of its coming, and the sound
That ushered in its elemental war!
And, oh! I stood, in breathless longing fixed,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heaved their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White as the snow of Zemla, or the foam

That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctured round,
 In easy undulations, with a belt,
 Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
 Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
 Mantled in ebon darkness, strewed with stars
 Its canopy, that seemed to swell, and swell
 The higher, as I gazed upon it, till,
 Sphere after sphere, evolving, on the height
 Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
 In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,
 Intensely bright, rolled, like a fountain forth
 Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and streamed
 Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
 Bathing the heavens in light, the spring that gushed,
 In overflowing richness, from the breast
 Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
 And felt to madness: but my full heart gave
 No utterance to the ineffable within.
 Words were too weak; they were unknown, but still
 The feeling was most poignant: it has gone,
 And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
 Poured, in a torrent fullness, from the tongue
 Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stored
 With all the patriarchs of British song
 Hallowed and rendered glorious, cannot tell
 Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

PERCIVAL.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

[Conversational—great expression.]

This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
 Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.
 One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
 Has told it before in a tedious narration;
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
 But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young PETER PYRAMUS—I call him Peter,
 Not for the sake of the rhyme nor the metre,
 But merely to make the name completer—
 For Peter lived in the olden times,
 And in one of the worst of pagan climes
 That flourish now in classical fame,

Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name—
Young Peter, then, was a nice young bean
As any young lady would wish to know;
In years, I ween, he was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eighteen—
A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl
In the magical trap of an auburn curl—
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door,
(They lived, in fact, on the very same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more—
Those double dwellings were common of yore),
And they loved each other, the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,
That every young maid and every young blade
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But (a-lack-a-day, for the girl and boy!)
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them awhile, the deepest annoy,—
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn't happen to please the old folks!
So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passion to smother
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred
Or even deferred
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging the bird?
Now, Peter, who was not discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appal,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick
Made a passage—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter—
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;

For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood—and "and a terrible thing among ladies"),
And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail;
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
Made up his mind in very short metre
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau
Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),
She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring;
And, seizing the knife that had taken his life,
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentlemen :—pray recollect, if you please,
Not to make appointments near mulberry-trees.
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.
Young ladies :—you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out;
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall!

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE THREE BELLS.

[This poem refers to the *rescue* of the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean, by Captain Leighton, of the English ship *Three Bells*. In reading, let the calls appear to come from a distance.]

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer,
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind—
“Ho! ship-ahoy!” its cry:
“Our stout *Three Bells* of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—
The lights of the *Three Bells*.

And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The *Three Bells* nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
“Take heart! hold on!” he shouted,
“The *Three Bells* shall stand by!”

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The *Three Bells* sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh.

J. G. WHITTIER, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

[An impersonation. The descriptive portions should be purely conversational.]

Whatever the lagging, dragging journey from Tennessee to Missouri may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the further shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored), aged 40; his wife, "Aunt Jinny," aged 30; "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air and was emphasized, at intervals,

rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were all children (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance), and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits, and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torch-light procession.

"What is it? Oh! what is it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready—let dese po'

chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't 'blong heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' you knows yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin' kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole—"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "The Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well now dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben now if it warn't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I reckon? Don't I know it! Whah was yo'

eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow! CHOW!* an' a goin' on turrrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an'. warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d' you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he dunno what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man dunno what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob coase dey was; but dey didn't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd ben gals dey'd missed dey long haah, maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"I don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides, don't it call 'em de *He-brew* chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't pear to take no notice when dey do read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be two!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwine to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle

Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when he went by.

CLEMENS AND WARNER.

THE VAGABONDS.

[This is an excellent piece for elocutionary practice, as the mood of the speaker changes with nearly every verse. Sometimes joyous, in a moment pleading; now calm—now raving. Study carefully.]

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog—Come here, you scamp!

Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!

Over the table—look out for the lamp!—

The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,

And slept out doors when nights were cold,

And ate, and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you:

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,

The paw he holds up there has been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,

(This out-door business is bad for strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir, I never drink.

Roger and I are exceedingly moral.

Aren't we, Roger? see him wink.

Well, something hot then, we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?

What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk;

He understands every word that's said,

And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by through thick and thin,
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, Sir! see him wag his tail and grin—
By George! it makes my old eyes water—
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Paws up! eyes front! salute your officer!
'Bout face! attention! take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see). Now hold
Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the Rebel shakes;
When he stands up to hear his sentence:
Now tell me how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing;
The night's before us, fill the glasses;—
Quick, Sir! I'm ill, my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you;—there,—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, Sir; I was not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men—

If you had seen her, so fair, so young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast;
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
 That ever I, Sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since,—a parson's wife,
 'Twas better for her that we should part;
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her—once: I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road; a carriage stopped,
 But little she dreamed as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;
 It makes me wild to think of the change!
 What do you care for a beggar's story?
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?
 I had a mother so proud of me!
 'Twas well she died before—Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think.
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink;—
 The sooner, the better for Roger and me.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

THE BRIDAL FEAST.

[A temperance reading.]

A merry peal of marriage bells
Steals softly on the evening air;
Their silver harmony foretells
The weal or woe of some fond pair.

A festal throng had met at night,
And joy beamed in the face of all;
A thousand gems were flashing bright
Beneath the lamps within the hall,
Which glared upon the festival.
Music arose with dulcet swell,
And strains of mirth were constant heard.
Paeans of gladness rose and fell
Like warbles of some forest bird,
Or like the sound of limpid streams
Which laugh adown the vale of dreams.
The guests are seated here and there,
On silken lounge and damask chair,
And 'mid the din of laugh and song
Soft words were whispered in the throng,
And tender eyes a tale expressed,
Which tongue had never yet confessed.
Fair forms tripped o'er the tufted floors,
While smiling faces went and came
Like figures in a melo-drame,
And rustled through the oaken doors
The robe of many a stately dame.

The bride was young, the bride was fair,
With laughing eyes and golden hair;
The groom was young, and brave was he
As e'er to maiden bent a knee;
A nobler pair, in sooth, than they
Have not been seen in many a day.

"Come, pledge with wine! Come, pledge with wine!"
A young and thoughtless gallant cried;
"In amber juice of Gascon vine
We'll pledge the happy groom and bride!"
A brimming chalice then was poured,
And offered to the bridal twain;
While round the glad and festal board
The proffered toast was passed again.

The rose forsook the fair bride's face,
And left a lily in its place;
For she had cause to dread the fell
Distillments from the press of hell,
So fatal to the human race;
Still she took up the goblet there,
And viewed it in the lamp's red glare,
Then slowly raised it to her lip,
As if she was about to sip
The purple vintage, rich and rare;
And then she paused, and with an eye
Which seemed through distant space to pry,
Gazed on the cup with eager stare.

The amethystine goblet gleamed,
And breathed soft fragrance on the air,
Till Hermon's balmy dews, it seemed,
With Eschol's clusters blended were.
The merry jeer, the idle joke,
Were hushed, as by a wizard's thrall;
And through the lofty banquet hall
No sound the solemn stillness broke.
One jeweled finger she upraised,
Ornate with gems a queen might wear,
And on the blushing cup she gazed,
As though she saw a spectre there.
And thus she spake:

"I see a mountain range, whose purple busts
Are lifted to the sky; while o'er its brows
Gossamer clouds hang like a bridal veil.
Bright flowers are blooming on its ragged sides,
And joyous birds are caroling in the shade
Of giant oaks and beeches. A crystal rill,
Merrily laughing, leaps from cliff to cliff,
Eager to gambol in the vale beneath;
And over all, a shadowy, cloud-like mist
Mellows the harsher outlines of the crags.
There! there! within a deep, cavernous gorge,
I see the half-nude forms of savage men
Flitting like phantoms, 'mong the umbrageous trees,
And in their midst I see a manly form
Stretched lowly on the cold and darksome sward,—
How deathlike is the pallor of his cheek!
How gleams the fire of madness in his eye,
As the wild fancies of delirium,
Like Etna's flood, roll o'er his fevered brain!
One faithful friend kneels by him, and his head
Is pillowed on his breast as tenderly
As 'twere a mother with a dying child.

"Genius in ruins!" Oh, that noble youth!
 Why should death single out a mark so young?
 See how he throws the damp locks from his brow
 Of marble whiteness! See him clasp his hands!
 Hear his appalling shrieks for help, for life!
 Mark how he clutches at that kneeling form,
 Imploring to be saved! Oh! stones might weep
 A rivulet of tears to hear him call
 Upon his father's name! See him entwine
 His icy fingers, as he vainly shrieks
 For his loved sister, twin of his fond soul,
 Who weeps for him in a far distant land!
 And now his arms are lifted up to heaven,
 Praying for mercy; and his language bears
 Such fearful agony upon its tones,
 The red men move away with noiseless feet,
 And leave them quite alone.

"'Tis evening now,
 And like a warrior's shield, the great white moon
 Stalks through the eastern sky. One silver beam,
 Piercing the thickness of the clustering leaves,
 Lights up the features of the dying youth.
 His eyes are fixed and dim; he does not heed
 The kindly words his friend pours in his ear.
 And now his head sinks back, he gasps for breath,
 His pulse is still—ah, no, it beats again!
 'Twas a mere fancy; it will beat no more,
 For death's cold hand is on him; he is dead!

"They hollow out a grave within that glen;
 Without a shroud they lay him in the earth,
 Where he shall sleep until the end of time.
 No sculptor's burin ever shall emboss
 A marble shaft to mark his lonely tomb.
 Dear friends, the youth who died in that strange land
 Was my twin brother; and he owed his death
 To ardent drink. Shall I now taste the cup?"

She ceased to speak; and o'er the room
 There fell a deep and cryptic gloom.
 A silence reigned, so dead and still,
 The rustling of a cambric frill
 Jarred on the sense. The heart's quick throbs
 Were blended with the smothered sobs,
 And there was many a pallid face
 Amid the throng of young and fair;
 And many a cheek which showed the trace
 Of recent tears still clinging there.

"Say, shall I taste the cup?" she cried;
 "No! no!" a score of tongues replied;
 And he who first for wine did call,
 Cried "No!" the loudest of them all.
 "Then shun the cup," she cried again,
 "Twill brand you with the mark of Cain;
 Forswear at once the tempting bowl,
 That ruins body, mind and soul!
 Think of my brother's lonely grave,
 Far by the bland Pacific wave;
 Think of the hungry infant's wail;
 Think of the mother's visage pale;
 Think of the teeming prison's cell,
 Where rum-incited felons dwell;
 Think of our lovely sisters' doom,
 When wine has nipped them in their bloom;
 Ay! pause and think of every shame,
 Of every crime too dark to name;
 And let the wine-fiend's spell be riven,
 And turn your thoughts to home, and Heaven!
 Grave fathers all, whose foreheads show
 The weight of many a winter's snow,
 Abjure the wine-cup from to-night,
 And with the *Temperance Army* fight:
 Some sons may check their vain desires
 By good examples of their sires.

Full many a noble youth is here,
 Who scarce has felt a barber's shear;
 I charge you flee the demon's spell,
 As you would flee the curse of hell!
 For in the sparkling vintage lies
 A monster dressed in tempting guise,
 Who'll lure you from the path of right,
 By wizard wiles, and false delight:
 A siren's song may charm your ear,
 A siren's hand may offer cheer;
 But, as you listen to the sound,
 The glamor arts will close around,
 And you will fall from your high state
 To be a ragged pauper's mate;
 Rum will destroy your forms divine
 As Circe changed her guests to swine.

"Oh lovely maids! to whom are given
 The beauties that embellish Heaven!
 None of you are too pure or fair
 To dally with the dreadful snare.
 Never for all Pactolus' wealth,
 In wine let lover drink your health;
 Beware the traitor who shall dare

For you the cursed draught prepare.
Who loves you truly never will
Consent the crime-fraught cup to fill.
'Tis he, who like a wily foe,
Watches to deal a stealthy blow :
For this he weaves his hellish snare,
To fall upon you unaware.
Oh ! shun the tempter, one and all—
Who offers wine essays your fall !”

They feasted late, they feasted long,
The guests were loud in laugh and song,
The tables groaned beneath the weight
Of China, glass, and gorgeous plate ;
And luscious nuts, and dainty fare,
Levantine fig, and orient date,
Were seen among the viands rare,
And pyramids of creamy ice,
With frosted cakes ranged side by side ;
While Syrian fruit and Indian spice
To grace the bridal banquet vied.
But no one touched a drop of wine,
Though rich Champagne, and limpid Rhine,
And Muscatel,—all sparkling bright,—
And purple Port, stood full in sight.
Among the crowd were those who'd quaff'd
For years the soul-destroying draught ;
They saw the black and Stygian brink,
And horrid gulf which yawned beneath,
Filled with a thousand forms of death,
All victims of the demon—Drink !
And then and there they soothly swore
To touch the tempting cup no more,
But ever drink what God had given,
And sent them, on the clouds, from heaven !

F. C. LONG.

THE RAINY DAY.

[Reflective conversational, Hope beaming through the last stanza.]

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

[Conversational, with calling voice varied in adaptation to the sense
 —loud or low, near or distant, as required.]

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries—

“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies—

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm,
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 No spot, nor speck—though still he cries,

“Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies—

“Ark, ho ark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Ark, ho!”—Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay,
 Yet feels no less of happiness

Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries—
 "Charco' ! charco' !"
 And Martha from the door replies—
 "Mark, ho ! Mark, ho !"
 "Charco' !"—"Mark, ho !"—Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright ;
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,
 Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o'er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 "Charco' ! charco' !"
 And baby with a laugh replies—
 "Ah, go ! ah, go !"
 "Charco' !"—"Ah, go !"—while at the sounds
 The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man,
 Though dusky as an African.
 'Tis not for you that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries—
 "Charco' ! charco' !"
 While mocking echo still replies—
 "Hark, O ! hark, O !"
 "Charco' !"—"Hark, O !"—Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds !
 J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

[This patriotic story should be told in a graphic manner.]

Out of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies ;
 And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington :
 And Concord roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
 The church of Berkley Manor stood.
 There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.
 In vain their feet with loitering tread
 Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
 All could not read the lesson taught
 In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
 The vale with peace and sunshine full,
 Where all the happy people walk,
 Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
 Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
 And every maid, with simple art,
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume;
 While every garment's gentle stir
 Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
 Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
 The Psalm was warrior David's song;
 The text, a few short words of might—
 "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
 He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"
And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'r before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue

Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,

As striding from the desk he came—

"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,

For her to live, for her to die!"

A hundred hands flung up reply,

A hundred voices answered, "I!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

MAJOR SLOTT'S VISITOR.

[Impersonate. *Barker* should speak rapidly and confidently; *the major* should become more and more impatient and excited.]

While Major Slott was sitting in the office of the *Patriot*, writing an editorial about "Our Grinding Monopolies," he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a fearful smell. He stopped, snuffed the air two or three times, and at last lighted a cigar to fumigate the room. Then he heard footsteps upon the stairs, and as they drew nearer the smell grew stronger. When it had reached a degree of intensity that caused the major to fear that it might break some of the furniture, there was a knock at the door. Then a man entered with a bundle under his arm, and as he did so the major thought that he had never smelt such a fiendish smell in the whole course of his life. He held his nose; and when the man saw the gesture, he said,

"I thought so; the usual effect. You hold it tight while I explain."

"What hab you god id that buddle?" asked the major.

"That, sir," said the man, "is Barker's Carbolic Disinfecting Door-mat. I am Barker, and this is the mat. I invented it, and it's a big thing."

"Is id thad thad smells so thudderig bad?" asked the major, with his nostrils tightly shut.

"Yes, sir; smells very strong, but it's a healthy smell. It's invigorating. It braces the system. I'll tell you—"

"Gid oud with the blabed thig!" exclaimed the major.

"I must tell you all about it first. I called to explain it to you. You see I've been investigating the causes of epidemic diseases. Some scientists think they are spread by molecules in the air; others attribute them to gases generated in the sewers; others hold that they are conveyed by contagion; but I—"

"Aid you goig to tague thad idferdal thig away from here?" asked the major.

"But I have discovered that these diseases are spread by the agency of door-mats. Do you understand? Door-mats! And I'll explain to you how its done. Here's a man who's been in a house where there's disease. He gets it on his boots. The leather is porous, and it be-

comes saturated. He goes to another house and wipes his boots on the mat. Now, every man who uses that mat must get some of the stuff on his boots, and he spreads it over every other door-mat that he wipes them on. Now, don't he?"

"Why dode you tague that sbell frob udder by dose?"

"Well, then, my idea is to construct a door-mat that will disinfect those boots. I do it by saturating the mat with carbolic acid and drying it gradually. I have one here prepared by my process. Shall I unroll it?"

"If you do, I'll blow your braids out!" shouted the major.

"Oh, very well, then. Now, the objection to this beautiful invention is that it possesses a very strong and positive odor."

"I'll bed it does," said the major.

"And as this is offensive to many persons, I give to each purchaser a 'nose-guard,' which is to be worn upon the nose while in a house where the carbolic mat is placed. The nose-guard is filled with a substance which completely neutralizes the smell, and it has only one disadvantage. Now, what is that?"

"Are you goig to quid and let me breathe, or are you goig to stay here all day log?"

"Have patience, now; I'm coming to the point. I say, what is that! It is that the neutralizing substance in the nose-guard evaporates too quickly. And how do I remedy that? I give to every man who buys a mat and a nose-guard two bottles of 'neutralizer.' What it is composed of is a secret. But the bottles are to be carried in the pocket, so as to be ready for every emergency. The disadvantage of this plan consists of the fact that the neutralizer is highly explosive, and if a man should happen to sit down on a bottle of it in his coat-tail pocket suddenly it might hist him through the roof. But see how beautiful my scheme is."

"Oh, thudder add lightnig! aid you ever going to quid?"

"See how complete it is! By paying twenty dollars additional, every man who takes a mat has his life protected in the Hopelessly Mutual Accident Insurance Company, so that it really makes no difference whether he is busted through the shingles or not. Now, does it?"

"Oh, dode ask me. I dode care a ced about id, ady-way."

"Well, then, what I want you to do is to give me a first-rate notice in your paper, describing the invention, giving the public some general notion of its merits and recommending its adoption in general use. You give me a half-column puff, and I'll make the thing square by leaving you one of the mats, with a couple of bottles of the neutralizer and a nose-guard; I'll leave them now."

"Whad d'you say?"

"I say I'll just leave you a mat and the other fixings for you to look over at your leisure."

"You biserable scoundrel, if you lay wod ob those thigs down here, I'll burder you od the spod! I wod stad such foolishness."

"Won't you notice it, either?"

"Certaidly nod. I woulded do id for ten thousand dollars a lide."

"Well, then, let it alone; and I hope one of those epidemic diseases will get you and lay you up for life."

As Mr. Barker withdrew, Major Slott threw up the windows, and after catching his breath, he called down stairs to a reporter:

"Perkins, follow that man and hear what he's got to say, and then blast him in a column of the awfulest vituperation you know how to write."

Perkins obeyed orders, and now Barker has a libel suit pending against *The Patriot*, while the carbolic mat has not yet been introduced to this market.

MAX. ADELER.

THE RAINBOW.

[Articulate clearly; avoid rhythm.]

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;

The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold!
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It has stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down to the shore:
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there,
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud, and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
And fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
May pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud—
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold

THE RUM MANIAC.

REVISED AND ADAPTED BY FRANK H. FENNO.

[The following temperance reading or recitation is a union of *Rum's Maniac* by T. W. Nott, and *The Rum Fiend*, written by William H. Burleigh and published by J. N. Stearns of New York. Having secured full permission to use the *Rum Fiend* for this purpose, *The Rum Maniac* is presented as a powerful and effective reading.]

I saw through the grates of a prison door,
 Handcuffed and chained to the granite floor,
 A man whose maniac eyes did glare
 Through the tangled veil of his matted hair;
 For the hot blood throbbled through every vein,
 And the fires of madness scorched his brain,
 And phantom fiends, a ghastly train,
 With every loathly seeming,
 Came crowding in pairs—in flocks—in swarms
 With laughter and curses, and taunts and jeers,
 To torture his soul and to deafen his ears,—
 And he gnawed his tongue in his fierce despair,
 And howled a curse, or muttered a prayer,
 Whose sad refrain was ever,
 "Blood! blood! It foams in the cursed bowl!
 It is on my hands! It stains my soul!
 It crimson the sky
 With its terrible dye,
 And the earth which drank it cries 'More! give more!
 My thirst for the vintage of murder is sort.
 Let it flow—let it swell to a river!'"

Then, in accents soft and low,
 Murmured he his tale of woe:
 "Did I slay thee, dearest wife?
 Thee?—oh! better loved than life—
 Thee, whose smile was like the light
 Flashing o'er my being's night,
 Making what was dark and dull
 Beautiful—how beautiful!
 Thee, whose voice was like a bird's,
 Musical with loving words;
 And whose heart poured out for me
 Love, exhaustless as the sea,
 Fresh as Eden's morning air,
 Guileless as a seraph's prayer,
 Pure as is the purest gem
 In the New Jerusalem!
 Did I slay thee? Nay; though mine
 Was the hand that dealt the blow,

"Twas the demon in the wine
 That has wrought this utter woe!
Curses on the wretch who gave
 Me the draught and thee a grave!"
 By his side a good man knelt to pray,
 And strove to lure his soul away
 From its fancies dark to the hope of heaven;
 But still to his every word of prayer
 Some imp would mutter, "Despair! despair!"
 Till every wave of the pulsing air
 He deemed was stirred
 By a single word
 Reiterant ever—"Despair! despair!"
 And the wretch gasped faintly, "Too late! too late!
 I have wooed, so leave me to wed my fate—
 Bereft of hope and reprobate,
 To die unshrined, unforgiven!"
 "Nay," said the man of God, "His grace
 Exceeds our guilt; none seek his face
 Through penitence and prayer in vain."
 From his couch the maniac leaped, his hand
 Stretched with a gesture of command,
 And with a hoarse voice, whose intense
 Yet fierce and passionate eloquence
 Thrilled through the hearer's heart and brain,
 While the beaded sweat on his forehead stood,
 And the foam on his lips was tinged with blood,
 He said, in his wild, despairing mood:
 Vex me no more with idle prayer!
 For other ears your sermons keep!
 I know the whole of hell's despair—
 Through all my veins its horrors creep!
 I stand within its burning caves,
 Beyond the reach of Mercy's call,
 And hear the dash of fiery waves
 Against its adamantine wall!

Why am I thus? the maniac cried,
 Confined 'mid crazy people? Why?
 I am not mad—knave, stand aside!
 I'll have my freedom, or I'll die;
 It's not for cure that here I've come;
 I tell thee, all I want is rum—
 I must have rum!

Sane? yes, and have been all the while;
 Why, then, tormented thus? 'Tis sad:
 Why chained, and held in duress vile?
 The men who brought me here were mad;

I will not stay where spectres come;
 Let me go home; I must have rum,—
 I must have rum!

'Tis he! 'tis he! my aged sire!
 What has disturbed thee in thy grave?
 Why bend on me that eye of fire?
 Why torment, since thou canst not save?
 Back to the churchyard whence you've come!
 Return, return! but send me rum—
 Oh, send me rum!

Why is my mother musing there,
 On that same consecrated spot
 Where once she taught me words of prayer?
 But now she hears, she heeds me not.
 Mute in her winding-sheet she stands;
 Cold, cold, I feel her icy hands,—
 Her icy hands!

She's vanished; but a dearer friend—
 I know her by her angel smile—
 Has come her partner to attend,
 His hours of misery to beguile;
 Haste, haste! loved one, and set me free;
 'Twere heaven to 'scape from hence to thee,—
 From hence to thee.

She does not hear; away she flies,
 Regardless of the chain I wear,
 Back to her mansion in the skies,
 To dwell with kindred spirits there.
 Why has she gone? Why did she come!
 O, I'm ruined! Give me rum,—
 Oh, give me rum!

Hark, hark! for bread my children cry,
 A cry that drinks my spirits up;
 But 'tis in vain, in vain to try;
 Oh, give me back the drunkard's cup!
 My lips are parched, my heart is sad;
 This cursed chain! 'twill make me mad,—
 'Twill make me mad!

It won't wash out, that crimson stain!
 I've scoured those spots, and made them white;
 Blood reappears again, again,
 Soon as the morning brings the light!

When from my sleepless couch I come,
To see, to feel—oh, give me rum!
I must have rum.

'Twas there I heard his piteous cry,
And saw his last imploring look;
But steeled my heart, and bade him die,
Then from him golden treasures took;
Accursed treasure! stinted sum!
Reward of guilt! Give, give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

Hark! still I hear that piteous wail;
Before my eyes his spectre stands;
And when it frowns on me I quail!
Oh, I would fly to other lands;
But, that pursuing, there 'twould come;
There's no escape! Oh, give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

Guard, guard those windows! bar that door!
Yonder I armed bandits see!
They've robbed my house of all its store,
And now return to murder me;
They're breaking in; don't let them come!
Drive, drive them hence! but give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

See how that rug those reptiles soil;
They're crawling o'er me in my bed;
I feel their clammy, snaky coil
On every limb—around my head;
With forked tongue I see them play;
I hear them hiss—tear them away,—
Tear them away!

A fiend! a fiend, with many a dart,
Glares on me with his bloodshot eye,
And aims his missiles at my heart—
Oh! whither, whither shall I fly?
Fly? No, it is no time for flight;
I know thy wicked purpose well;
Avaunt! avaunt, thou hated sprite,
And hie thee to thy native hell!

He's gone, he's gone! and I am free:
He's gone, the faithless, braggart liar.
He said he'd come to summon me—
See there again, my bed's on fire!

Fire! water! help! Oh haste, I die!
 The flames are kindling round my head!
 This smoke!—I'm strangling!—cannot fly!
 Oh! snatch me from this burning bed!

There, there again! that demon's there,
 Crouching to make a fresh attack;
 See how his flaming eyeballs glare!
 Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought thee back?
 Back in thy car? for whom? for where?
 He smiles, he beckons me to come:
 What are those words thou'st written there?
 "In hell they never want for rum!"

Not want for rum? Read that again!
 I feel the spell! haste, drive me down
 Where rum is free, where revellers reign,
 And I can wear the drunkard's crown.
 Accept thy proffer, fiend? I will;
 And to thy drunken banquet come;
 Fill the great caldron from thy still
 With boiling, burning, fiery rum.

There will I quench this horrid thirst;
 With boon companions drink and dwell,
 Nor plead for rum, as here I must—
 There's liberty to drink in hell.
 Thus raved the maniac rum had made;
 Then, starting from his haunted bed,
 On, on! ye demons, on! he said,
 Then silent sunk,—his soul had fled.

Scoffer, beware! he in that shroud
 Was once a temperate drinker, too,
 And felt as safe, declaimed as loud
 Against intemperance as you;
 And yet, ere long, I saw him stand
 Refusing, on the brink of hell,
 A pardon from his Saviour's hand,
 Then plunging down with fiends to dwell.
 From thence, methinks, I hear him say,
 "Dash down the chalice, break the spell,
 Stop while you can and where you may;
 There's no escape when once in hell."
 O God, thy gracious spirit send
 That we the mocker's snares may fly,
 And thus escape that dreadful end—
 That death eternal drunkards die.

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

[The first half of each stanza should be subdued; the last half confident and full of assurance.]

I.

The way is dark, my Father ! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child !
The way *is* dark, my child ! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so ; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child !

II.

The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night
Is growing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father ! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child !
The day goes fast, my child ! But is the night
Darker to me than day ? In me is light !
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child !

III.

The way is long, my Father ! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal ;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand ;
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child !

READINGS AND RECITALS.

The way *is* long, my child! but it shall be
 Not one step longer than is best for thee;
 And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
 Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
 And quick and straight
 Lead to Heaven's gate
 My child!

IV.

The path is rough, my Father! many a thorn
 Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
 And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
 Then, safe and blest,
 Lead up to rest
 Thy child!
 The path *is* rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
 Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
 When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
 To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand;
 And safe and blest
 With me shall rest
 My child!

V.

The throng is great, my Father! many a doubt,
 And fear and danger, compass me about;
 And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
 Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
 And through the throng
 Lead safe along
 Thy child!
 The throng *is* great, my child! But at thy side
 Thy father walks; then be not terrified,
 For I am with thee; will thy foes command
 To let thee freely pass;—will take thy hand,
 And through the throng
 Lead safe along
 My child!

VI.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
 It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
 And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
 And reaching down
 Lead to the crown
 Thy child!

The cross *is* heavy, child! Yet there was One
 Who bore a heavier cross for thee; my Son,
 My well-beloved. For him bear thine; and stand
 With him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
 Thy cross laid down,
 Receive a crown,
 My child!

HENRY N. COBB.

THE MINER'S DEATH.

[Simple description—pathos—impersonation.]

The sun was going down,
 And its rays o'er the landscape wien
 Standing upon an old tent
 That stood, tattered and brown,
 Half in the shade of a tree;
 And in the distance you could see
 Two miners coming from their toil, and talking
 In low tones, while homeward walking.
 Look! within the shelter lies a man
 On a rude couch, beneath a blanket,
 His suffering face desolate and wan;
 There near him is the tin pan
 Filled at morn with water; fevered, he drank it
 Soon as his companions left, after rough comfort spoken,
 For their toil. There lies his food all unbroken,
 And the little flask of spirits close at hand;
 And round about the canvas-shelter stand
 Shovels and miner's boots, earth-worn and stained.
 Stretched here, for weary days he had remained,
 Weak from the fever, helpless as a child,
 With naught to see without but rocky wild;
 Within, these objects in his canvas-room.
 The day was *so* long, would they never come?
 And the vision of his distant, happy home
 He saw when he closed his weary eyes,
 From which the tears trickled down his thin cheek;
 "Oh, God! that I should leave dear ones, to seek
 Here in these barren wilds the golden prize."
 How his expectant, eager gaze ran o'er
 The little space 'twixt his couch and the tent door.
 "Will they never come!—the sun is going down,
 And I am going too; 'tis terrible to die alone,
 And no one here to take my message home;

It's getting darker, too,—footsteps! here they come,—
 Oh, Tom, you're here at last; I had begun to fear
 That you forgot;—some water." Both come near.
 "I'm going, boys! Carry this ring and curl,
 To my Mary, Jack, and her little girl;
 You'll do it? Thanks! Tom, good by."
 "Cheer up, Joe; don't take on so, you mustn't die!"
 "I must; but remember—these to Mary—your—word—~~keep~~
 It's getting dark—so tired,—yes—yes—I'll sleep.
 Tom, I can't see, but feel your hand the same."
 The smile of peace, his poor, wan face o'ercame;
 One deep, sad sigh;—he slept, indeed, that blest repose
 That in this world no hour of waking knows.

JOHN HANOVER.

KATE KETCHEM.

[This parody on *Maud Muller* should be read in a tone of simple narration, avoiding a measured style. Impersonate wherever necessary.]

Kate Ketchem, on a winter's night,
 Went to a party, dressed in white.

Her chignon in a net of gold
 Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went because her "pap"
 Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
 On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish she wouldn't have had made known,
 To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng,
 With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,
 And, knowing her slightly, stopped and bowed;

Then asked her to give him a single flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought how dear
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played;

And being exhausted, inquired whether
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her jewelry,
And dropped her lashes becomingly;

And listened, with no attempt to disguise
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to say,
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said "You bet
I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes,
And I think I could manage him as I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,
And all that it cried for the baby should get;

"And after that, with what he could spare,
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill,
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And everything that she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay;

"No creditors with a long account,
No tradesmen waiting 'that little amount;'

"But all my scores paid up when due
By a father-in-law as rich as a Jew!"

But he thought of her brother, not worth a straw,
And her mother, that would be his, in law;

So, undecided, he walked along,
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, whom he sought by stealth,
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth;

And as for Kate, she schemed and planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know
The father couldn't see it so;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed,
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again,

"If I were free as on that night
I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white!"

She wedded him to be rich and gay;
But husband and children didn't pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw,
And wouldn't live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and bright
He seemed at the party that winter's night—

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south,
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth :)

How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls ;

Till her weak affections to hatred turned,
Like a dying tallow candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting cigar—

He wasn't the man she thought she saw,
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, " I might have known ! "

Alas for Kate ! and alas for Fudge !
Though I do not owe them any grudge ;

And alas for any that find to their shame
That two can play at their little game !

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah well ! as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get ;

But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

PHOEBE CAREY, in *Harper's Bazar*.

MR. FOGG'S ACCOUNT OF A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

[Impersonate. Let the interruptions be sudden, and the changes marked. The story should be told in a natural manner.]

Mr. Fogg has a strong tendency to exaggeration in conversation, and he gave a striking illustration of this in a story that he related one day when I called at his house. Fogg was telling me about an incident that occurred in a neighboring town a few days before, and this is the way he related it:

"You see old Bradley over here is perfectly crazy on the subject of gases and the atmosphere and such things—absolutely wild; and one day he was disputing with Green about how high up in the air life could be sustained, and Bradley said an animal could live about forty million miles above the earth if—"

"Not forty millions, my dear," interposed Mrs. Fogg; "only forty miles, he said."

"Forty, was it? Thank you. Well, sir, old Green, you know, said that was ridiculous; and he said he'd bet Bradley a couple of hundred thousand dollars that life couldn't be sustained half that way up, and so—"

"Wilberforce, you are wrong; he only offered to bet fifty dollars," said Mrs. Fogg.

"Well, anyhow, Bradley took him up quicker'n a wink, and they agreed to send up a cat in a balloon to decide the bet. So what does Bradley do but buy a balloon about twice as big as our barn and begin to—"

"It was only about ten feet in diameter, Mr. Adeler; Wilberforce forgets."

"—Begin to inflate her. When she was filled, it took eighty men to hold her; and—"

"Eighty men, Mr. Fogg!" said Mrs. F. "Why, you know Mr. Bradley held the balloon himself."

"He did, did he? Oh, very well; what's the odds? And when everything was ready, they brought out Bradley's tomcat and put it in the basket and tied it in, so it couldn't jump, you know. There were about one hundred thousand people looking on; and when they let go, you never heard such—"

"There was not one more than two hundred people there," said Mrs. Fogg; "I counted them myself."

"Oh, don't bother me!—I say, you never heard such a yell as the balloon went scooting up into the sky, pretty near out of sight. Bradley said she went up about one thousand miles, and—now, don't interrupt me, Maria; I know what the man said—and that cat, mind you, howling like a hundred fog-horns, so's you could heard her from here to Peru. Well, sir, when she was up, so's she looked as small as a pin-head something or other burst. I dunno know how it was, but pretty soon down came that balloon, a-hurling toward the earth at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and old—"

"Mr. Fogg, you know that balloon came down as gently as—"

"Oh, do hush up! Women don't know anything about such things.—And old Bradley, he had a kind of registering thermometer fixed in the basket along with that cat—some sort of a patent machine; cost thousands of dollars—and he was expecting to examine it; and Green had an idea he'd lift out a dead cat and take in the stakes. When all of a sudden, as she came pelting down, a tornado struck her—now, Maria, what in thunder are you staring at me in that way for? It was a tornado—a regular cyclone—and it struck her and jammed her against the lightning-rod on the Baptist church-steeple; and there she stuck—stuck on that spire about eight hundred feet up in the air, and looked as if she had come there to stay."

"You may get just as mad as you like," said Mrs. Fogg, "but I am positively certain that steeple's not an inch over ninety-five feet."

"Maria, I wish to *gracious* you'd go up stairs and look after the children.—Well, about half a minute after she struck, out stepped that tomcat onto the weathercock. It made Green sick. And just then the hurricane reached the weathercock, and it began to revolve six hundred or seven hundred times a minute, the cat howling 'until you couldn't hear yourself speak.—Now, Maria, you've had your put; you keep quiet.—That cat stayed on the weathercock about two months—"

"Mr. Fogg, that's an awful story; it only happened last Tuesday."

"Never mind her," said Mr. Fogg, confidentially.—
"And on Sunday the way that cat carried on and yowled, with its tail pointing due east, was so awful that they couldn't have church. And Sunday afternoon the preacher told Bradley if he didn't get that cat down he'd sue him for one million dollars damages. So Bradley got a gun and shot at the cat fourteen hundred times.—Now you didn't count 'em, Maria, and I did.—And he banged the top of the steeple all to splinters, and at last fetched down the cat, shot to rags; and in her stomach he found his thermometer. She'd ate it on her way up, and it stood at eleven hundred degrees, so old—"

"No thermometer ever stood at such a figure as that," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg.

"Oh, well," shouted Mr. Fogg, indignantly, "if you think you can tell the story better than I can, why don't you tell it? You're enough to worry the life out of a man."

Then Fogg slammed the door and went out, and I left. I don't know whether Bradley got the stakes or not.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.*

[This exercise in *articulation* and *modulation* should be read in such a manner as to make the sound seem an echo to the sense. The poem is a reply to the question, "How does the water come down at Lodore?"]

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,

* A celebrated fall on Derwent-Water, in Cumberland, England.

Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Twining and twisting
 Around and around,—
 Collecting, disjuncting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And heaving and cleaving.

And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling.
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar ;—
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

[A vigorous action of the imagination will do much toward suggesting the proper form of expression.]

When the humid showers gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue.
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue:
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

There is naught 'n art's bravuras that can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain!

COATES KINNEY.

ORATOR PUFF.

[The "two tones" should be clearly brought out.]

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down so;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
O, Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still talked away, 'spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,—
 "My voice is for *war*," asked him,—“Which of them, pray?”
 O, Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
 “Sinking *fund*,” the last words as his noddle came down.
 O, Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough!

“Oh! *save*!” he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
 “*Help me out!* help me out! I have broken my *bones*!”
 “Help you out!” said a Paddy, who passed—“what a bother!
 Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?”
 O, Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE QUIET STREET.

[Affording opportunity for many varieties of the *calling voice*.]

There is enjoyment in the pathless woods,
 The silent valleys yield a tranquil treat.
 Thus thought I as I moved with all my goods
 To an apartment in a quiet street.

No thoroughfare allured the busy throng;
 One end was finished off with railings neat;
 No public vehicles would pass along;
 It formed a *cul-de-sac*—this quiet street.

I took possession of the second floor,
 A two-pair front—not elegant, but neat;
 What could a peaceful poet wish for more,
 Than humble lodgings in a quiet street?

I wooed the Muse one sunny afternoon,
 I'd pen and ink and everything complete,
 Prepared to write a sonnet to the moon,—
 Fancy grows vigorous in a quiet street.

"Hail, Luna!"—But what is that? A distant sound
Appears my auditory sense to greet;
It cannot be—"Hail, Luna!"—I'll be bound,
An organ's got into this quiet street.

No matter,—'twill be over very soon;
There's a policeman somewhere on the beat.
Hark!—there's a trumpet, sadly out of tune,
Waking the echoes of this quiet street.

"*Partant pour la Syril*," the organ plays;
And now a voice more powerful than sweet
Hoarsely invokes the "*Light of Other Days*"—
A ballad-singer's got into the street.

The bands begin a Polka—sounds increase—
"*Sekund edishun—Rooshians in retreat*."
"Hail, Luna!"—no, not that.—Hi, there, police,
Is this permitted in a quiet street?

Silence your brazen throats, you green-baize band;
Avaunt, you trafficker in feline meat;
You organ-grinder, hold your impious hand,
Nor dare to desecrate this quiet street.

"Where the bright fountain, sparkling, never ceases
Its gush of limpid music,"—" *Wa-ter—cree-ses I* "
"There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,
Tracing in air fantastic"—"*Images I* "

"What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,
A playful Leda with her Jove-born"—"*Matcher I* "
"She opens her treasure-cells, like Portia's caskets,
And bids me choose her"—"*Baskets, any baskets I* "

"In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind,
In their own lustrous languor"—"*Knives to grind I* "
"Visions like those the Interpreter, of Bunyan's,
Displayed to Mercy and young Matthew"—"*Onions I* "

"There is a spell that none can chase away,
From scenes once visited by" [Sing.] "*Old Dog Tray I* "
"There is a charm whose power must ever blend
The past and present in its"—"*Chairs to mend I* "

"Still Pan and Syrinx wander thro' the groves,
Still Zephyr moves"—"*Shavings for your stoves I* "
"And still unbanished falters on the ear,"—
"*Any beer! A-n-y B-e-e-r I* "

- "Aye, and forever, while this planet rolls,
To its sphere-music"—*"Mackerel or Soles!"*
- "While crushed Enceladus in torment groans
Beneath his Etna shrieking"—*"Stones, hearthstones!"*
- "While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand
Of Grecia"—[Sing.] "*'Tis hard to give the hand!"*
- "The spot they visited is holy ground,
And echo answers"—[Sing.] "*Bobbing all around!"*
- "Hail, Luna!"—"Muffins!"—"Goddess of the Night!"
"*Charcoal!"*—"Thou silver orb!"—Let me retreat;
Another line I'll not attempt to write:
This very day I'll leave this quiet street.

LITTLE JIM.

[Picture the scene—use care in the descriptive parts—impersonate.]

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the deathbed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him Little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over; he knew his child was dead;
 He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
 His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
 And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
 With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
 In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

THE BELLS.

[Excellent for vocal culture. The second line of each stanza is an index showing how it should be read. Be true to the spirit of the selection, and pay great attention to bringing out the full power of each word. Many repetitions in the piece have been omitted, believing that it would be of advantage to the general reader.]

Hear the sledges with the bells,
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells,
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove, that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh! from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh! the bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horrid outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people!
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone:
 They are neither man nor woman,
 They are neither brute nor human;
 They are ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls
 And he rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,
 Keeping time
 As he knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

SAMUEL SHORT'S SUCCESS.

[The following alliterative exercise, aside from its novel character, will afford opportunity for practice in difficult articulation.]

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, succeeding sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons,—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel,

saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sang several serenades sllily. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales," said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten—Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon; "Smitten! Stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seizing Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling sidewalks, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so; stop singing serenades—stop short: sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; so secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon; so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling, "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises:

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Short—Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—she sha'n't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly; Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp-sp-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat soporific," said Sam, stealthily staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely: so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall—'"

Sophia snickered: so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

"Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam; seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin."

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

[Let the characters be well drawn and Warren's amazement well depicted.]

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar,
As usual, you must know.

I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only Rock
Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
 Their weather-beaten bark—
 Before them spread the wintry wilds,
 Behind, rolled Ocean dark.

Alone that noble handful stood
 While savage foes lurked nigh—
 Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God,"
 And "keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
 That first stern winter painted,
 When more than half their number died,
 And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
 My smoke had filled the other—
 One sees strange sights at such a time,
 Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
 (Let him who dares, deride me);
 I looked, and drawing up a chair,
 Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
 Was somewhat strange and foreign;
 He civilly returned my stare,
 And said, "I'm Richard Warren.

"You'll find my name among the list
 Of hero, sage and martyr,
 Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
 The first New England charter.

"I could some curious facts impart—
 Perhaps, some wise suggestions—
 But then I'm bent on seeing sights,
 And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I, "I'll do my best
 To give you information,
 Whether of private men you ask,
 Or our renowned nation."

Said he, "First tell me what is that
 In your compartment narrow,
 Which seems to dry my eyeballs up,
 And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate;
Said I, "That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth,"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end as black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When, lo! a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch;
"What necromancy's that?" he cried,
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Up rose my guest: "Now Heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted; then,
"O, what is that?" "'Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled;
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud;
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knees, with hand upraised
In worship, Warren fell;
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he;
"He doeth all things well.

"I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
Oh may I ne'er forget his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain,
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas, and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent and sure—
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing;
"What witchcraft's that?" "It's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing."

And then we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, "What is that
Which moves along across the way
As smoothly as a cat?

"I mean the thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head—
A monstrous hump below its waist
Large as a feather-bed.

"It has the gift of speech, I hear;
But sure it can't be human!"
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman!"

"A woman! no—it cannot be,"
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
"I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens—
A labor-saving hennery
That beats the very dickens!

Thereat he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, "'Tis plain to see
This world is so transmogrified
'Twill never do for me.

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your thing which chickens hatches,

"Have turned the earth so upside down,
No peace is left within it;"
Then whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

A. C. SPOONER.

THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

[Pure tone—conversational.]

They've left the school-house, Charley, where years ago we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat;
The hook is gone on which it hung, the master sleepeth now
Where school-boy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his brow.

They've built a new, imposing one—the pride of all the town,
And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and down;
A tower crowns its summit with a new, a monster bell,
That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear its music swell.

I'm sitting in the old one, with its battered, hingeless door;
The windows are all broken, and the stones lie on the floor;
I, alone, of all the boys who romped and studied here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

I'm sitting on the same old bench where we sat side by side
And carved our names upon the desk, when not by master eyed;
Since then a dozen boys have sought their great skill to display,
And, like the foot-prints on the sand, *our* names have passed away.

'Twas here we learned to conjugate "*amo, amas, amat,*"
While glances from the lassies made our hearts go pit-a-pat;
'Twas here we fell in love, you know, with girls who looked us
through—
Yours with her piercing eyes of black, and *mine* with eyes of blue.

Our sweethearts—pretty girls were they—to us how very dear—
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them a tear;
With them the earthly school is out; each lovely maid now stands
Before the one Great Master, in the "house not made with hands."

You tell me you are far out West; a lawyer, deep in laws,
With Joe, who sat behind us here, and tickled us with straws;
Look out for number one, my boys; may wealth come at your touch;
But with your long, strong legal straws don't tickle men too much.

Here, to the right, sat Jimmy Jones—you must remember Jim—
He's teaching now, and punishing, as master punished him;
What an unlucky lad he was! his sky was dark with woes;
Whoever did the *sinning* it was Jim who got the *blows*.

Those days are all gone by, my boys; life's hill we're going down,
With here and there a silver hair amid the school-boy brown;
But memory can never die, so we'll talk o'er the joys
We shared together, in this house, when you and I were boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down—this old house lone and
drear,
They'll not destroy the characters that started out from here;
Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and wash out all beside:
Bright as the stars that shine above, *they* shall for aye abide.

I've seen the new house, Charley: 'tis the pride of all the town,
And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and down;
But you nor I, my dear old friend, can't love it half so well
As this condemned, forsaken one, with cracked and tongueless bell.
JOHN H. YATES.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

[Crimean War—Siege of Sevastopol, October 25, 1854.]

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death,
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back; but not—
 Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade—
 Noble Six Hundred.

TENNYSON.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

[An excellent selection for vocal culture. Opportunity is here found for the expression of high elocutionary art. Begin with simple conversational voice, and read each stanza as indicated by the second line of that stanza. The voice should be rich and mellow. The last stanza should be omitted when not intended as a temperance reading.]

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"O heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters, swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven."

Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No incenses where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

Neatly attired, in manner plain,
Behold a pilgrim—no spot, no stain—
Slowly, with soft and measured tread,
In Quaker garb—no white, no red.
To passing friend I hear him say,
“Here worship thou, this is the way—
No churchly form—it is not well—
No bell, no bell, no bell, no bell!”

“Ye workers who have toiled so well
To save the race!” said a sweet bell;
* With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!”
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

[This touching little story should be related in a simple, conversational manner. Imitate the children's voices.]

'Twas the eve before Christmas; “Good night” had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard-of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as “Santa Claus” ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, “Dear Annie, is 'oo fast a'sleep?”
“Why, no, brother Willie,” a sweet voice replies,
“I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no ‘Santa Claus.’”

Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died ;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did then
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And, without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive ;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee ;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring ;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he ;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie ; Amen."
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight ;
I want he should dive me a nice 'ittle sed,
With b'ight shiny 'unners, and all painted yed ;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,—
Amen ; and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, they again sought their beds ;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again ;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes ;
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed ;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for-kiss ;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers,
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
 "How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
 I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
 "By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
 Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
 Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
 Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
 A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
 Nor stopped until he had bought everything,
 From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
 Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
 That the various presents outnumbered a score;
 Then homeward he turned, with his holiday load,
 And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed.
 Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
 By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
 A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
 And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;
 A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
 "With bright shining runners, and all painted red;"
 There were bells, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
 And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
 When Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
 As if getting ready more presents to drop.
 And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
 He thought for his trouble he had been amply paid,
 And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
 "I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
 I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
 What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
 Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
 To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
 So thinking, he softly extinguished the light,
 And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
 As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
 Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
 Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
 And at the same moment the presents espied;
 And out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
 And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
 They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
 And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
 What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
 (Just the things that they wanted), and left before light;
 "And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
 "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be,
 And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
 That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,

Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
 "Then we dot up, and p'ayed dest as well as we tould,
 And Dod answered our p'ayers; now wasn't he dood?"
 "I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
 And knew just what presents my children would please,—
 Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
 Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
 And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
 And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

[Impersonate, and throw much feeling into the latter part of the selection.]

And sure, I was tould to come in till yer honor,
 To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat;
 He's gone for a soger is Misther O'Conner,
 Wid a sthripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what 'ill ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
 For the likes of yer honor to spake with the pen,
 Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
 (The baby, yer honor), is better again.

For when he wint off so sick was the crayther,
 She niver hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
 And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild like,
 And ax would I "wish for the country's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, an' me sorely gravin',
 And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
 And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
 And a bullet gone straight to the heart of my boy.

Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
 For the rint and the dochtor's bill, due in a wake
 An', shure there's a tear on yer eyelashes, honey;
 I' faith I've no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over much thrifing, I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin'—oh, what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! O God, it's some ither,
Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
An' the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dhry.

Dead! dead! dead! Am I crazy?
Shure it's brakin' my heart ye are telling me so,
An' what en the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
O what can I do? where can I go?

This room is so dark—I'm not seein' yer honor,
I think I'll go home—And a sob hard and dry
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear drop welled up to her eye.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

[To be rendered in a simple, earnest, natural manner.]

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light,
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom;
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born.
 Low and little and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,—
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush;
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while!
 I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
 She is my mother: you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir; one like me,—
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
 At ten years old he went to sea,—
 God knoweth if he be living now,—
 He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee,
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—

Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And, over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble and ready to drop
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
 Dead at the top,—just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our head, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day,
 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat:
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
 Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me;
 I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
 But that's no matter,—paint it so;
 The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
 Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
 A sharp blade struck through it.

 You, sir, know,
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
 The mother,—the lads, with their birds at her knee,
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Carey.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

[Avoid a rythmical, measured tone in reading. Let the voice swell in the forcible passages.]

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
Where on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem
 More dear to me ;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

MOTHER AND POET.

[The story of Laura Savio, of Turin, after news from Gaeta in 1861. It should be given in a manner strongly emotional, marked by grief and tremor.]

Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at *me* !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;
But *this* woman, THIS, who is agonized here,
The east sea, the west sea rhyme on in her head
 Forever instead.

What's art for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them. It stings there: I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word *country*,—I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed—O, my beautiful eyes!
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! then one weeps, then one kneels!
Oh; how this house feels!

At first happy news came,—in gay letters, moiled
With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet.
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on, and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. I was not to faint.
One loved me for two; would be with me ere long;
And "*Viva P' Italia!*" he died for,—our saint,—
Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add: he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta :—*shot*.
Tell his mother. Ah, ah! his, their mother, not mine.
 No voice says "My mother" again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that love and that sorrow that reconciles so
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'st thro' the dark
 To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
 Whose sons not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
 'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall;
 And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
 If we have not a son?

Ah! ah! ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men,
 When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
 Have cut the game short.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its green, white, and red,
 When you have a country from mountain to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah! ring your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly. My country is there,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
 My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,
 To disfranchise despair.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
 And one of them shot in the east by the sea.
 Both! both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at me.

MRS. BROWNING.

“ROCK OF AGES.”

[This exquisite selection should receive much study. The closing lines of the first stanza should be *sung* in a cheerful, sprightly manner; those of the third stanza, sad and with much feeling; those of the fourth stanza, in the weak, broken, trembling voice of age.]

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
 Sang as little children sing;
 Sang as sing the birds in June;
 Fell the words like light leaves down
 On the current of the tune—

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Let me hide myself in Thee,”—
 Felt her soul no need to hide—
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside;
 All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care,
 Dreaming not that they might be
 On some other lips a prayer.

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
 ’Twas a woman sung them now,
 Pleadingly and prayerfully,
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wing the air,
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer—

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—

“Let me hide myself in Thee,”
 Trembling though the voice and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who life’s thorny path have prest;

Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
Sung above a coffin lid;—
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

[Impersonate.]

Well, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray;
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the storm.

The preach'en? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
 I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
 He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
 Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth;
 It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
 'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place;
 How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;
 Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
 "When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
 In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue;
 I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
 The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won;
 The shinin' goal is just ahead! the race is nearly run;
 O'er the river we are nearin', they are thringin' to the shore
 To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

JOHN H. VATES.

OUR FOLKS.

[Let the emotions be detected in the voice.]

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt,—and tell
 A fellow just a thing or two;
 You've had a furlough, been to see
 How all the folks in Jersey do.
 It's months ago since I was there,—
 I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
 When you were home,—old comrade, say,
 Did you see any of our folks?
 You did? Shake hands,—Oh, aint I glad;
 For if I do look grim and rough,
 I've got some feelin'—People think
 A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
 But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
 And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
 While whole battalions lie afield,
 One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them—when ? and where ?
 The old man—is he hearty yet ?
 And mother—does she fade at all ?
 Or does she seem to pine and fret
 For me ? And Sis—has she grown tall ?
 And did you see her friend—you know
 That Annie Moss—(How this pipe chokes !)
 Where did you see her ?—tell me, Hal,
 A lot of news about our folks.
 You saw them in the church, you say ;
 It's likely, for they're always there.
 Not Sunday ? no ? A funeral ? Who ?
 Who, Harry ? how you shake and stare !
 All well, you say, and all were out.
 What ails you, Hal ? Is this a hoax ?
 Why don't you tell me, like a man,
 What is the matter with our folks ?"
 " I said all well, old comrade, true ;
 I say all well, for He knows best
 Who takes the young ones in His arms
 Before the sun goes to the west.
 The axe-man Death deals right and left,
 And flowers fall as well as oaks ;
 And so—fair Annie blooms no more !
 And that's the matter with your folks.
 See, this long curl was kept for you ;
 And this white blossom from her breast ;
 And here—your sister Bessie wrote
 A letter, telling all the rest,
 Bear up, old friend." Nobody speaks ;
 Only the old camp-raven croaks,
 And soldiers whisper : " Boys, be still ;
 There's some bad news from Granger's folks."
 He turns his back—the only foe
 That ever saw it—on this grief,
 And, as men will, keeps down the tears
 Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
 Then answers he, " Ah, Hal, I'll try ;
 But in my throat there's something chokes,
 Because, you see, I've thought so long
 To count her in among our folks.
 I s'pose she must be happy now,
 But still I will keep thinking too,
 I could have kept all trouble off
 By being tender, kind, and true.
 But maybe not. She's safe up there,
 And, when His hand deals other strokes,
 She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
 And wait to welcome in our folks."

ETHEL LYNN.

TELL ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

[An excellent opportunity is here afforded for gesture.]

Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that the land was free! 'Twas free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave!
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

On yonder jutting cliff, o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And, while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
BLOW ON!—THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

KNOWLES.

 CHARLIE MACHREE.

[Careful study will enable the reader to decide how this may best be rendered. Let the spirits be light or depressed, as required by each passage. Frequent changes of style should be made throughout.]

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

O the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;

His cheeks are like roses, two buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now.

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's sinking, O what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love you forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone,—O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—help, help—he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises,—strike out and you're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie; once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye have crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part from ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

JOHN MAYNARD.

[Enter into the spirit of the piece, and strive to paint the scene in strong colors. The calling voice should be used with great care.]

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or, leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves.
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench th' insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply,
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
 That hour should yet reveal,—
 By name John Maynard, eastern born,—
 Stood calmly at the wheel.
 "Head her southeast!" the captain shouts
 Above the smothered roar,—
 "Head her southeast without delay!
 Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
 Or clouds his dauntless eye,
 As in a sailor's measured tone
 His voice responds, "Ay, Ay!"
 Three hundred souls,—the steamer's freight,—
 Crowd forward wild with fear,
 While at the stern the dreadful flames
 Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
 But still, with steady hand,
 He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
 He steered the ship to land.
 "John Maynard," with an anxious voice
 The captain cries once more,
 "Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
 And we will reach the shore."
 Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
 Responded firmly, still
 Unawed, though face to face with death,
 "With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
 They scorch his hands and brow;
 One arm disabled seeks his side,
 Ah, he is conquered now!
 But no, his teeth are firmly set,
 He crushes down the pain,—
 His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
 He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!—
 Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
 The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
 The steamer touches shore.
 Three hundred grateful voices rise
 In praise to God, that He
 Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
 And from th' engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
 The captain saw him reel—
 His nerveless hands released their task,
 He sunk beside the wheel.
 The wave received his lifeless corpse,
 Blackened with smoke and fire.
 God rest him! Hero never had
 A nobler funeral pyre!

BUGLE SONG.

[Play upon the words and bring out their full expression. Employ the calling voice in the last lines of each stanza, and let it die away at the close.]

I.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer. echoes, dying, dying, dying.

II.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going;
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
 Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

III.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on field, on hill, on river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

SONG OF THE GREEKS (1822).

[Full force, with spirit and energy.]

Again to the battle, Achaians !
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
 Our land—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
 It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free :
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid? Be the combat our own !
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone ;
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That, living, we *will* be victorious,
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not :
 The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not !
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us ;
 But they *shall* not to slavery doom us :
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves :
 But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
 And new triumphs on *land* are before us ;
 To the charge ! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
 Or brighten your lives with its glory ?—
 Our women—O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair ?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from and named for, the godlike of earth !
 Strike home ! and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion !
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness ;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,—
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens !

CAMPBELL.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

[This story of the hero-martyr of the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, should be told in an animated manner, strongly bringing out all the points.]

"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
 Made way for liberty, and died !

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood ;
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projected spears.
 Opposed to these, a hovering band
 Contended for their fatherland,
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke ;
 Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
 They came to conquer—or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath ;
 The fire of conflict burned within ;
 The battle trembled to begin :
 Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
 Point for assault was nowhere found ;
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed ;
 That line 't were suicide to meet,
 And perish at their tyrants' feet.
 How could they rest within their graves,
 To leave their homes the haunts of slaves ?
 Would they not feel their children tread,
 With clanking chains, above their head ?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free—
Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[François de Bonivard, a French writer and politician, born 1496, died 1570, was arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon in 1530, on account of his having espoused the cause of the Republic against the Duke of Savoy. He was restored to liberty six years later, when Chillon fell into the hands of his countrymen.]

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air,
 Are banned and barred—Forbidden fare.
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death.
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.
 We were seven, who now are one—
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of persecution's rage;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed—
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

They chained us each to a column stone;
 And we were three—yet, each alone.
 We could not move a single pace;
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight;
 And thus together, yet apart—
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
 'T was still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,

And each turn comforter to each—
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

III.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined.
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care.
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat;
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow-men.
 Like brutes, within an iron den.
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side.
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,
 And scooped for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
 But then within my brain it wrought
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant—
 Such murder's fitting monument!

IV.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood;
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot;

I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
 I took that hand which lay so still—
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

V.

What next befel me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too.
 I had no thought, no feeling—none:
 Among the stones I stood a stone;
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night—it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight;
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness, without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death—
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

VI.

A light broke in upon my brain—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again—
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery;
 But then, by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track:
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done;
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree—
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me!
 I never saw its like before—
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate;
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For—heaven forgive that thought, the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile!—
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 't was mortal well I knew;
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone—
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

VII.

A kind of change came in my fate—
 My keepers grew compassionate.
 I know not what had made them so—
 They were inured to sights of woe;
 But so it was—my broken chain

With links unfastened did remain;
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun—
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

VIII.

It might be months, or years, or days—
 I kept no count, I took no note—
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last came men to set me free,
 I asked not why, and recked not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be;
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus, when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a sacred home.
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,—
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell.
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

[The beauty here lies in the natural manner in which the *calling voice* is used. Picture the scene in the mind, and be true to the spirit of the piece.]

Over the hill the farm-boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co' boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Looing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,

The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling.
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose,
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
 Singing, calling,—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

MACLAINE'S CHILD.

[By imagining yourself to be placed in the position of the actors in this thrilling scene, an effective rendering will be secured.]

"MacLaine! you've scourged me like a hound;—
 You should have struck me to the ground;
 You should have played a chieftain's part;
 You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me unto death;—
 But here I swear with living breath
 That for this wrong which you have done
 I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
 He said, and bounding from his place,
 He seized the child with sudden hold—
 A smiling infant, three years old—

And, starting like a hunted stag,
 He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
 And reached, o'er a many wide abyss,
 The beetling seaward precipice;

And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
 He held the infant o'er the edge:—
 "In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
 No hand shall save it, proud MacLaine!"

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And, as he spoke, he raised the child
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

"I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran;
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud MacLaine:
I will not fight you,—think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;—
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,—
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy,—I yield," he cried.

A storm of passions shook his mind—
Anger and shame and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree:
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

[Paint the scene as vividly as possible, and avoid monotony in time, force or rhythm. Employ the *calling voice* in its proper place.]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
France!

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,
For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish count is slain ;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
“ Remember St. Bartholomew ! ” was passed from man to man ;
But out spake gentle Henry,—“ No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”—
Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day ;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church
such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! ho ! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return !
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright !
Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night !
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

MACAULAY.

THE FIREMAN.

[Imagine the scene to be taking place ; then give natural expression.]

'Tis a cold bleak night ! with angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the door ;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet ;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend ;
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
 Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
 In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet,
 The weary traveler with their smiles to greet;
 In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
 Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm,—
 Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light—
 "Thank God for home, this bitter, bitter night!"

But hark! above the beating of the storm
 Peals on the startled ear the fire alarm.
 Yon gloomy heaven 's aflame with sudden light,
 And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
 From tranquil slumber springs, at duty's call,
 The ready friend no danger can appal;
 Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
 He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shooting out,
 Devouring all they coil themselves about,
 The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
 Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.
 Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe
 In vain attempts their power to overthrow;
 With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
 Defying human skill to check their way.

And see! far up above the flame's hot breath,
 Something that's human waits a horrid death;
 A little child, with waving golden hair,
 Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the horrid glare,—
 Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
 While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
 And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
 A mother screams, "O God! my child! my child!"

Up goes a ladder. Through the startled throng
 A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;
 Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
 Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
 The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path,
 Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;
 But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
 His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround
 And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,
 In flaming columns move with quickened beat
 To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.

Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold, how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing with tender care his living load;
Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave!
He's up again! and now he's coming fast—
One moment, and the fiery ordeal 's passed—
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain.
A happy mother clasps her child again.

GEORGE M. BAKER.

THE BRIDGE.

[Subdued reflective conversation.]

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky.

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

[This pathetic little story should be told in a touching manner, with much feeling and delicate expression.]

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly by firelight in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whispers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms around her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!
Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;
There 's no one looked out on her, there 's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curled up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his,—
"How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!"

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she saw them with her eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her, and the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might:
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide;
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from that bright
board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord?"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the wall,
 She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
 They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,
 "It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."
 The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin;
 Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"
 And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could not
 see
 How much of happiness there was after that misery.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

[An impersonation.]

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin' than drawin' your remarks); an' is it mysel, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the grane-horn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin'-off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied

up sufficient for me fine b'y wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the craytur' was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing could I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stooft, the haythen chate!), and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin', an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the craythur' proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an', afore I could hinder, squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtraced. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythen would do the same

thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit, the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin),—she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

[Extract from Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," abridged for reading or recitation. Simple narration to grand, impassioned description and characterization.]

To Rome a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul; Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust ride fast along the sky.

The Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

"In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Like a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
Opposed the dauntless Three.

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But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back:
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream:
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before.
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he:
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus:
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

MACAULAY.

THE POLISH BOY.

[Read with spirit and energy. Study carefully, and bring out the full force of the piece.]

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
 That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
 Causing the creeping blood to chill
 With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
 Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
 And every string had voice apart
 To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take *me*, and bind these arms—these hands,—
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 't will save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door,

"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
 Will land or gold redeem my son?
 Take heritage, take name, take all,
 But leave him free from Russian thrall!
 Take these!" and her white arms and hands
 She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
 And tore from braids of long black hair
 The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
 Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
 Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
 He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
 Up springing from the marble floor,
 The mother, with a cry of joy,
 Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
 But no! the Russian's iron grasp
 Again undid the mother's clasp.
 Forward she fell, with one long cry
 Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
 And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
 He stands, a giant in the strength
 Of his young spirit, fierce and bold
 Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
 So blue, and yet so bright,
 Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
 So brilliant is its light.
 His curling lips and crimson cheeks
 Foretell the thought before he speaks;
 With a full voice of proud command
 He turned upon the wondering band:
 "Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can;
 This hour has made the boy a man.
 I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
 Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
 I wept upon his marble brow,
 Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
 My noble mother, on her knee,
 Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his brodered vest,
 And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
 The jeweled haft of poniard bright
 Glittered a moment on the sight.
 "Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
 Think ye my noble father's glaive
 Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
 The pearls that on the handle flame
 Would blush to rubies in their shame;

The blade would quiver in thy breast
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss;
One last embrace, one blessing,—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
—Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

[Excellent opportunity for a good reading will be found in the following "tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea."]

It was long ago it happened, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumpter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts'
desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went
down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall,—
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

For the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city were driven the surging crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St. Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,—
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening
lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships,—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and
his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he
stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him,—a single tempestuous
breath,—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of
death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's
track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered
and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the
stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand,—
The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life to save;
And the face of the hero undaunted, was the sable face of a *slave*!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the
crowd:—
“You may keep your gold: I scorn it!—but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a *man*?”

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and
men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran:
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a man.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

[Use a pure conversational tone, and avoid monotony.]

Girt round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;

And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a peace of Heaven
Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town :
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep :
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife ;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

And so she dwelt : the valley
More peaceful year by year ;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away ;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our soemens' stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"

But louder than bells ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check ?
The steed draws back in terror,—
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness ;
The bank is high and steep ;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein ;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home !

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned ;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame)!
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

[This requires careful study. Its beauty lies in the impersonations, and in the expression of word-individuality or play upon words.]

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
Her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flow did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main;—
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
But the skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring;
O say! what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say! what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father, I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be—
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land,—
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows ;
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from the deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board :
Like a vessel of glass she stove—and sank,
“ Ho ! Ho ! ” the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on a bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow ;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

LONGFELLOW.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

[A bushman's story.]

Well, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black and yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No; passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there,
For the light of his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And, if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story,—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it every word.

Yes, this same fellow, poor Dave Sloane,
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some time back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
A splendid young man he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest of men.
I lived up there with him days and days,
And I loved the lad for his honest ways.
Dave worked so hard that it seemed his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked on the lad's brown face and eye
My heart gave such a thought the lie.
But one day—he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder: "Don't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf;
I work hard, friend, but 'tis not for myself."
And he told me then in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own,—
His wife,—'twas for her: 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia, when he wrote home and told
The oft-wished-for story of finding gold.
In a year he wrote, and his news was good;
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He wrote, "Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home.
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house and prepare the land:
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy.
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.
Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever came from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Ever to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more to tell,
I was talking of angels a while since. Well,

Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil;
 You needn't start; if a spirit of evil
 Ever came to this world its hate to slake
 On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.
 Like? Like the pictures you've seen of Sin,
 A long red snake,—as if what was within
 Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
 And his eyes: if you could go down to hell,
 And come back to your fellows here, and tell
 What the fire was like, though hard you should try,
 You'd find nothing on earth or up in the sky
 To compare it to but a Dukite's eye.
 Now mark you, these Dukites don't go alone;
 There's another near when you see but one;
 And beware of killing that one you see
 Without finding the other, for you may be
 More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
 But you're sure to be tracked by the lone Dukite.
 It will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
 And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
 Three months,—'twas just this time of the year.
 He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
 And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
 A long red snake (he had never been told
 Of the Dukite's ways); he jumped to the road,
 And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad.
 He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
 Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
 The bush on the path he followed that night.
 He was early home, and the dead Dukite
 Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
 At sunrise next morning he started away
 To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
 Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride
 And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
 And entered—to look on his young wife's corse.
 His dead child was clutching its mother's clothes
 As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
 From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
 Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
 "I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."
 And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
 I rode to his hut by chance that night,
 And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
 Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door,
 With an awful feeling of coming woe:
 The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor;
 The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,

His poor life's treasure—and crouched by her side.
 O God, I sank with the weight of the blow.
 I touched and called him: he heeded me not.
 So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
 And lifted them both—her boy on her breast—
 And laid them down in the shade to rest.
 Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
 But he bitterly cried, "Let me stay! Let me stay
 Till she comes again!" and I had no heart
 To try to persuade him then to part
 From all that was left to him here,—her grave;
 So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
 One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
 O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound.

'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
 But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
 Since that fearful night no one has heard
 Poor Dave Sloane utter sound or word.
 You have seen to-day how he always goes;
 He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
 By some prison officer. On his back
 You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?
 Well, that's what he lives for: when reason went,
 Still memory lived, for his days are spent
 In searching for Dukites; and year by year
 That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
 That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
 For he's clearing this bush of Dukite snakes.

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

[The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his humble life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death.]

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as war's red records show,
 When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe—
 When, from the North and East and West, like the upheaving sea,
 Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay—
 In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay:
 Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish breath,
 He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a woodland
font,
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty to Vermont.

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die.

Then left he all : a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed,
A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—
The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes war's hot
breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman is Death !

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard ;
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night, on guard,
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the ground.

So in the silence of the night, aweary, on the sod,
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God ;
Yet Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,
And though betray'd to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise.

But God is love,—and finite minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle mercy, in His rule, may with stern justice blend ;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
While war's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread, and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro ;
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent ;
On brothers armed in deadly strife :—it was the President.

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief ;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their chief ;
And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed to die.

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through the heated haze,
Flashed back from lines of burnished arms, the sun's effulgent blaze :
While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
A youth—led out to die;—and yet, it was not death, but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his manly frame.

Still on, before the marshall'd ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! And with reeling brain, despairing—desolate—
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate.

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air:
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his mother there;
He saw his father bowed with grief, thro' fast-declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then the vision closed—in tears.

Yet once again. In double file advancing, then, he saw
Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—
But saw no more: his senses swam—deep darkness settled round—
And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound.

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels approach,
And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach.
On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course was bent,
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President.

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made him free.

'Twas spring.—Within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crystal tide
Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side—
Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude—
Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood.

Two threatening armies! One invoked by injured Liberty—
Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of the Free;
And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of bars,
A fragment, torn by traitorous hands from Freedom's Stripes and
Stars.

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor dense and dun,
Proclaimed, along the echoing hills, the conflict had begun;
And shot and shell athwart the stream with fiendish fury sped,
To strew among the living lines the dying and the dead.

Then, louder than the roaring storm, pealed forth the stern command,
 "Charge! soldiers, charge!" and, at the word, with shouts, a fearless
 band,

Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rushed onward, through the flood,
 And upward o'er the rising ground, they marked their way in blood.

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his post—
 While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle with a host!
 Then, turning as the rallying ranks with murd'rous fire replied,
 They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the purple tide.

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal strife,
 Was he whom mercy sped to save when justice claimed his life—
 The pardon'd soldier! And while yet the conflict raged around,
 While yet his life-blood ebbed away through every gaping wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death bedimmed his eye—
 He called his comrades to attest he had not feared to die.
 And in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven was sent,
 That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless our President.

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

DRIFTING.

[This exquisite poem was written after a visit to Vesuvius. It should be read in a manner adapted to its soft, rich Oriental magnificence.]

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
 My wingéd boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
 The mountains swim;
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN.

[A Thanksgiving Poem.]

It is Thanksgiving morning, and near, and far away,
The glad church bells are ringing to hail Thanksgiving day;
With their silvery entreaty they call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor, from merriment and care.

And in one ancient dwelling, whose walls, time-stained and gray,
Remember in their silence the bullets of that day
When from Lexington to Concord a thrilling message ran,
And behind each hedge and tree-boll there lurked an earnest man,

A man whose life was ready, held in unshrinking hand,
To be offered up for Liberty, for God, and Native Land;
In that time-honored dwelling an ancient couple wait,
To hear their children's voices make music at the gate.

"Are all things ready, Mary?" the old man's eyes were dim
And the face he sees is lovely with girlhood's flush to him.
It was Thanksgiving morning, just fifty years ago,
When o'er that ancient threshold in raiment white as snow,

With cheeks rose-bud with blushes, and eyes as violets blue,
And face so fresh and innocent, and heart so leal and true;
A fragile little blossom, that blossomed at his side,
She came there first beside him—he brought her home his bride.

"All things are ready, Richard," she said, and then she thought
Of their fifty years together, and the changes they had brought.
She remembered how her babes had played about her there,
With the sunshine's shifting splendor in their curling, golden hair.

And when they'd tired of playing, and slept upon her breast,
What prayers she said above them, while she lulled them to rest.
Where are those children's faces? She almost thought to see
Blue eyes and golden ringlets still glinting at her knee.

The years have wrought strange marvels—the children are no more,
No more their frolic footsteps fly through the open door.
Five men, toil-worn and weary, five women bowed with care—
Are these the merry children, with sunshine in their hair?

She tries to smile. Thanksgiving is the time for joyous cheer—
And the old man does not see her as she wipes away a tear.
"Had you thought about it, Richard, how the children have grown
old;
How they've left their youth behind them, like a story that is told?

"Last time I saw our Martha her hair was gray as mine;
Will's chestnut curls are turning, and Ralph is forty-nine.
It's all the better, Richard, we shan't be long apart;
In the land where we are going I sometimes think my heart

"Will miss the children's voices, and be lonely till they come;
But we shan't have long to wait, dear, for the children coming home."
They sat a little longer, in a silence like a prayer,
Waiting together, hand in hand—God's angel found them there.

In the bright Thanksgiving morning, fifty changeful years ago,
She had crossed that ancient threshold, in her raiment white as snow.
Now her husband led her onward, as in youth-time, hand in hand,
Till they crossed another threshold—entered on that other land,

Where the fountains flow forever, where the many mansions be,
And the fruit of life hangs glowing from the boughs of every tree.
In the cold November sunshine in the middle of the day,
Sons and daughters stood in silence, gathered there from far away,

'Neath the old familiar roof-tree; but they dared not mourn or weep
For the two they found together—those dead faces calm as sleep.
Silently they kissed each other, silently they kneeled to pray,
Lifting up their hearts to heaven on the blest Thanksgiving day.

Years are short and cares are heavy—soon they'll lay their burden
down;
He who helps the cross to carry shall be first to wear the crown.
They shall keep their best Thanksgiving when their tired feet cease to
roam,
Where the parents still are waiting for the children coming home.

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

[This admirable poem may be used as a single reading, or it may be divided into two or three, as desired.]

I.

Come from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;—
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dew amidst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Tho' clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold tone;

She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
 Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
 Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
 Flow to the dream of her early years!

Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall,
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love that hath still been true;
 Mute be the song and the choral strain,
 Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
 She wept, yet laid her hand a while
 In his that waited her dawning smile,
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
 For the gush of nature's tenderness!
 She lifted her graceful head at last—
 The choking swell of her heart was past;
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
 The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—
 The flowers I love to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear
 Like shadows o'er me sweep,
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
 Must now light other feet,
 With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
 Thy homeward step to greet.
 Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
 Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
 I leave thee! Let me weep!

Mother, I leave thee! On thy breast
 Pouring out joy and woe,
 I have found that holy place of rest
 Still changeless,—yet I go!
 Lips, that have lulled me with your strain,
 Eyes that have watched my sleep!
 Will earth give love like yours again?
 Sweet mother! Let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws
 The weight of rain from its dripping boughs,
 Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
 Is the human heart, as a mountain spring
 That works its way through the torrent's foam
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home.

It is well! The cloud on her soul that lay
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
 Mother, on earth it must still be so,
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go.

II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
 In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
 With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
 As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
 Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
 Making a gleam round the lone abode;
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
 Scattered out rays like a glancing river;
 Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,
 Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,
 And brightly before it a fountain's play
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
 To a cypress, which rose in that flashing rain,
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
 And the guests were met by that fountain-side;
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
 With lips of love, and a brow serene,
 Meet for the soul of the deep wood scene.—
 Bring wine, bring odors!—The board is spread—
 Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!

The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
 On the young and fair from the world embowered.
 The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
 The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
 But there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
 A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush ! be still !—Was that no more
 Than the murmur from the shore ?
 Silence !—Did thick rain-drops beat
 On the grass like trampling feet ?—
 Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword !
 The groves are filled with a pirate-horde !
 Through the dim olives their sabres shine ;—
 Now must the red blood stream for wine !
 The youth from the banquet to battle sprang,
 The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang ;
 Under the golden-fruited boughs
 There were flashing poniards and darkening brows,
 Footsteps o'er garland and lyre that fled,
 And the dying strewn on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora ! thou dost not fly !—
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride mournfully.—
 She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,
 Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
 As if the passion of that fond grasp
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
 But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there ;
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
 And a hush of fear through the summer grove :
 So closed the triumph of youth and love !

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
 When the moon, with sleeping light,
 Bathed each purple Sciote hill,—
 Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar
 Sent its floating music far ;
 No glad sound of dancing feet
 Woke, the starry hours to greet.
 But a voice of mortal woe,

In its changes wild or low,
Through the midnight's blue repose
From the sea-beat rocks arose,
As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing on th' Ægean flood,
With a fixed and straining eye—
Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?
Yes! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver dark,
Brooding it frowned that evil bark!
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall still mast;
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest?

To rest?—The waves tremble! What piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear in that lurid glow;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water,—but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls
Away from its breath into shriveled scrolls;
It hath taken the flag's high place in air,
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare,
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee
To a burning mount midst the moonlit sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora, Eudora! where, where art thou?
The slave and his master alike are gone.—
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
The child of thy bosom! And lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her freed dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare,
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,—
Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
Yes! 't was her deed! By that haughty smile
It was hers! She hath kindled her funeral pile!

Never might shame on that bright head be;
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free.
Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never enfold again.
One moment more, and her hands are clasped,
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped,
Her sinking knee unto heaven is bowed,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

LAUGHING IN MEETING.

[The Yankee character should be well sustained. Tone long-drawn and nasal.]

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this: we had laughed out in meeting time! To be sure, the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. But by Sunday evening, as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and set himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for, though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boys—yis," said Sam, virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois's thrusts, "ye ought never to laugh right out in meetin'; that are 's so, but then there is times when the best on us gets took down. We gets took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur will git the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why, Sam, *ministers* don't ever laugh in meetin', do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws, yes. Why, havn't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrell for laughin' out in prayer-time?"

"Laughin' in prayer-time!" we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother, "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on 't. But Parson Morrell was a good man, and I'm glad the council wasn't hard on him."

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbitt's fault than 't was any body's. Ye see, Ike was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would 'feed his sheep on the meetin'-house green. Somehow or other Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back, Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, 'cause, ye see, to have sheep and lambs a ba-a-n' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'n't the thing. 'Member, that are old meetin'-house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill, the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body had to come into the meetin'-house steppin' down instead o' up.

"Fact was, they said 't was put there 'cause the land wa'n't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin'-house on 't would be a clear savin'—but Parson Morrell he didn't like it, and was free to tell 'em his mind on 't, that 't was like bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's service—but there 't was.

"There warn't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrell. His doctrine was right up and down and good and sharp, and he gives saints and sinners their meat in due season, and for consolin' and comfortin' widders and orphans Parson Morrell hadn't

his match. The women sot lots by him, and he was allus' ready to take tea round, and make things pleasant and comfortable, and he had a good story for every one, an' a word for the children, and maybe an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wal, you know there ain't no pleasin' every body, and ef Gabriel himself, right down out o' heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect there 'd be a pickin' at his wings, and sort o' fault-fandin'. Now Aunt Jerushy Scrان and Aunt Polly Hokum, they sed Parson Morrell wa'n't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks that a minister ought to be jest like the town-hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment, and eternity, and nothin' else, when you see him round; and if they see a man rosy and chipper, and havin' a pretty nice sociable sort of time, why they say he ain't spiritooal-minded. But in my times I've seen ministers that the most awakenin' kind in the pulpit was the liveliest when they was out on 't. There is a time to laugh, Scriptur' says, tho' some folks never seem to remember that are."

"But, Sam, how came you to say it was Ike Babbitt's fault? What was it about the sheep?"

"O wal, yis—I'm a comin' to that are. It was all about them sheep—I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrell to laugh in prayer-time.

"Ye see there was old Dick, Ike's bell-wether, was the fightin'est old crittur that ever yer see. Why Dick would butt at his own shadder, and every body said it was a shame the old critter should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wal, I used to live out in that parish in them days, and Lem Sudoc and I used to go out sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right 'cross the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand at the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt agin the fence, and then I'd ketch him by the horns and hold him while Lem run and got over the fence t'other side the lot, and then I'd let go and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him, and away he'd go full butt at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick—but ef he come sudden

up behind a fellow, he'd give him a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wal, that summer I remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing-man, and I can tell you he give it to the boys lively. There warn't no sleepin' nor no playin', for the Deacon had eyes like a gimblet, and he was quick as a cat, and the youngsters hed to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the Deacon was like them four beasts in the Revelation that was full o' eyes behind and before, for which ever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know once Lem Sudoc jist wrote two words in the psalm-book and passed to Keziah Larkin, and the Deacon give him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet, and vowed he'd be up with him some day for that.

“Well, Lordy massy! folks that is so chipper and high-steppin' has to have their come-downs, and the Deacon he had to hev his.

“That ar Sunday, I remember it now jest as well as if 't was yesterday. The parson he giv us his gret sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free agency—every body said that ar sermon was a masterpiece. He preached it up to Cambridge at Commencement, but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzling and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin' like a red-hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decrees, the best on us will get sleepy. The old meetin'-house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kep' off all the wind, and the sun blazed away at them gret west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Wal, the Deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children and tapped the boys on the head, and kep' every thing straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he railly got most tucked out, and he took a chair, and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister, and fairly got to sleep himself, jest as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

“Wal, Parson Morrell had a way o' prayin' with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he

couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out towards the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin'-house door.

"Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out, and we could jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the Deacon. The Deacon had a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonel. Lem and me was sittin' jest where we could look out and see the whole picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that crittur'll pay the Deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The Deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o' threatnin'. Finally the Deacon he gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t'other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe, that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the girls and boys they stamped and roared, and the old Deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins—'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh,' says he; 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he; 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that crittur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw-hawed the more to see the Deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he!

"Wal, the truth on't was, 'twas just one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 'twas jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles River—it all come at once and no whoa to 't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed until they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the Deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Sudoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he 'Old Dick was playing titthing-man, wa'n't

he, Deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot o' tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrell to set sich an example, and suthin' had got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hadn't no spiritooality, and now it had broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins she said such a man wa'n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she couldn't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the Deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's, and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there warn't nothing else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Scran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot every body else a talkin'.

"Finally, it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmen they went to chopping mince, and making up pumpkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails, and all the wimmen was a talkin', and they hed up every body round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'jest let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.'

"The parson he was a master hand at settin' off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what you look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."—*MRS. H. B. STOWE.*

ARCHIE DEAN.

[Read in a light, girlish manner.]

I.

Would you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And he should forget his vowing
By the moon, the stars, the sun,
To love me evermore,
And should go to Kittie Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—
And with eyes love-filled as ever
Win her heart, that's like a feather,
Vowing all he had before?
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad, and die?

II.

Always in the old romances
That dear Archie read to me,
Those that pleased my girlish fancy,
There was always sure to be
One sweet maiden with a lover
Who was never, never true;
And when they were widely parted,
Then she died, poor broken-hearted,
And did break with grief at last,
Like a lily in the blast—
Say, would you, if you were me?

III.

True, I do love Archie Dean,
Love him, love him, oh! how true;
But see, my eyes are bright,
And my lips and cheeks are red
(Archie Dean put that in my head),
And I don't know what to do,
Whether to lie down and weep
Till the red is faded out,
And my eyes are dull and dim,
Maybe blind, and all for him;
(I could do it, I've no doubt),
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon
And the very sweetest roses,

And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
And will see me dance the wildest
With some bonny lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

IV.

Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
'Tis the sweetest name I know ;
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
There's a pain in my heart while I speak ;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak.
Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine, and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this
When I could wish I were dead.
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair ;
I'll go and dance and dance and dance
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my dress of blue with crimson sash
Which ~~he~~ always liked me to wear.
I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
And I know that before the morn
He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born,
And that he could be sitting again
Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
Vowing his love in a tender strain.
But when I see him coming
I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
On somebody else—then off in the dance—
And if he should happen to get the chance
For saying how heartily sorry he is
For having been false to me he loves true,
I won't hear a word that he says, would you ?

V.

What you'd better do, Jennie Marsh.
Break your heart for Archie Dean ?
Jennie Marsh ! Jennie Marsh !
Not a bit.
'Tis the very thing he's after.
He would say to Kittie Carrol,

With careless, mocking laughter,
 "Here's a pretty little chick
 Who has died for love of me,
 'Tis a pity.

But what is a man to do
 When the girls beset him so?
 If he gives a nosegay here,
 If he calls another dear,
 If he warbles to a third

 A love-ditty,
 Why the darling little innocents
 Take it all to heart.

 Alack-a-day!
 Ah! she was a pretty maiden,
 A little too fond-hearted,
 Eyes a little too love-laden,
 But really, when we parted—
 Well, she died for love of me,
 Kittie Carrol." Don't you see
 You are giving him to Kittie
 Just as sure as sure can be?
 'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
 By slyly showing to her
 What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
 Hie away to Kittie Carrol,—
 Your loss is but a gain.

Aren't there fishes still a-swimming
 Just as luscious every way
 As those that hissed and spluttered
 In the saucepan yesterday?
 But Jennie, charming Jennie,
 When you are at the fair
 Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
 Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
 And do not dance too merrily,
 Because he may see through it;
 And don't put on an air as if
 You're mortally offended;
 You'll be a feather in his cap,
 And then your game is ended.
 And if, with Kittie on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
 Don't agonize your pretty mouth
 With *Mr. Arthur Dean*;
 But every throb of pride or love
 Be very sure to stifle,
 As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle;
 And make believe, with all your might,
 You'd not care a feather
 For all the Carrols in the world,

And Archie Deans together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling, if you can;
But if you can't, why, right about,
And take another man.

VI.

I went to the fair with Charlie—
With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved me many a year,
And vowed his loving with a tear—
A tear of the heart, I mean,
But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now, Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance,
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet,
Dear Archie Dean!
But there were Kittie Carrol and Charlie Green.
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,
And with softest tone and glance,
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?
No, no, indeed!
That would not do.
Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh, he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait
A little while
Till I had danced with Charlie Green;
Then I cast a smile
On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.
Oh, the look he cast on me
As his eyes fell sadly down.
He said he something had to say,
But I laughed and turned away,
For my sight was growing dim,
Saying, I would not forget
That I was to dance with him.
He did not go to Kittie Carrol,

Who was sitting alone,
 Watching us with flashing eyes,
 But he slowly turned away
 To a corner in the dark.
 There he waited patiently,
 And, he said, most wearily,
 For the dancing to be done;
 And, although my heart was aching,
 And very nigh to breaking,
 It was quite a bit of fun
 Just to see him standing there
 Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
 What a picture of despair;
 Why not hie to Kittie Carrol?
 She has money, so they say,
 And has held it out for lovers
 Many and many a weary day.
 She is rather plain, I know—
 Crooked nose and reddish hair,
 And her years are more than yours.
 Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
 (He is not rich, like Charlie Green.)
 What does love for beauty care?
 Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
 Ask her out to dance with you,
 Or she'll think that you are fickle
 And your vows of love untrue,
 And maybe you'll get the mitten
 Then, ah then, what will you do?

VII.

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
 As we danced away together.
 He pressed my hand, but I heeded not,
 And whirled off like a feather.
 He whispered something about the past,
 But I did not heed at all
 For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
 And the tears began to fall.
 He led me out beneath the stars,
 I told him it was vain
 For him to vow. I had no faith
 To pledge with him again.
 His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
 And my pride flew away,
 And left me to weep,
 And when he said he loved me most true,
 And ever should love me,
 "Yes, love only you," he said,
 I could not help trusting Archie,
 Say, could you?

GAIL HAMILTON

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

[To be read in a simple, playful, conversational manner.]

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue—
Little boy and girl were they
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks—
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherry red,—
He was taller, 'most a head;
She with arms like wreaths of snow
Swung a basket to and fro,
As they loitered, half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of the cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall only carry half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Gray.
In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers at the side.

BOY BRITTON.

[In this selection excellent opportunity is afforded for the practice of high orotund and effusive, or plaintive, expression.]

Boy Britton, only a lad, a fair-haired boy, sixteen
In his uniform.
Into the storm, into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry,
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla,
Into the battle storm.

Boy Britton is Master's Mate aboard the Essex;—
There he stands, buoyant and eagle-eyed,
By the brave Captain's side,
Ready to do or dare; "Aye, aye, sir," always ready
In his country's uniform.
Boom! boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps,
And now the Essex is plunged
Into the battle's storm.

Boom ! boom ! till river, and fort, and field
Are overclouded by the battle's breath ;
Then from the fort a gleam and a crashing gun,
And the Essex is wrapped and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam.

But victory ! victory !
Unto God all praise be rendered,
Unto God all praise and glory be ;
See, Boy Britton, see, Boy, see,
They strike ! hurrah ! the fort has surrendered !
Shout ! shout ! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the fiery fort is ours.

" Victory ! " " victory ! " " victory ! "
Is the shout.

Shout ! for the fiery fort is ours, and the field,
And the day are ours !
The day is ours, thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee !
The day is ours, the day is ours !
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee.
The day is ours, the day is ours forever !
Glory and love for one and all, but, for thee,
Home ! home ! a happy welcome, welcome home, for thee,
And a mother's happy tears, and a virgin's
Bridal wreath of flowers for thee.

Victory ! Victory !
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam
The Essex slowly drifted out of the battle storm ;
Slowly, slowly, down, laden with the dead and dying,
And there at the captain's feet, among the dead and dying,
The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying,
There in his uniform.

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee ;
Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart, of the nation's loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and the true ;
Moist, moist with the luminous breath of the singing spheres,
And the nation's starry tears ;
And tremble touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy.
Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee,
Laurels of light and tears of love,
Forevermore for thee.

And laurels of light, and tears of truth,
 And the mantle of immortality;
 And the flowers of love, and immortal youth,
 And the tender heart tokens of all true ruth,

And the everlasting victory.

And the breath and bliss of liberty,
 And the loving kiss of liberty.
 And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
 And the over calm of God's canopy;
 And the infinite love-span of the skies,
 That cover the valleys of Paradise,
 For all of the brave who rest with thee;
 And for one and all who died with thee,
 And now sleep side by side with thee;
 And for every one who lives and dies
 On the solid land, or the heaving sea,
 Dear warrior boy, like thee!
 On, the victory, the victory
 Belongs to thee!

God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou.
 He gives it now to thee.

Young and brave, and early and thrice blest,
 Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!

Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
 And takes thee gently, gently to her breast,
 And whispers lovingly, God bless thee, bless thee now,
 My darling thou shalt rest!

FORCEYTHE WILLSON

THE INDEPENDENCE BELL.

[Great attention should be paid to the impersonations—study variety.]

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down;
 People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State-House,
 So they surged against the door;

And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse;"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

So they surged against the State-House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered rise again.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
 As the boy cries joyously!
 Ring!" he shouts, "ring! grandpapa,
 Ring! oh, ring for LIBERTY!"
 Quickly at the given signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 Forth he sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calmly gliding Delaware.
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from flames, like fabled Phoenix,
 Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State-House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
 But the spirit it awakened
 Still is living—ever young;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight
 On the Fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rang out loudly "INDEPENDENCE,"
 Which, please God, shall never die.

THE MONTH OF MARS.

[October.]

I would not die in May:
 When orchards drift with bloom of white, like billows on the deep,
 And whispers from the lilac bush across my senses sweep,
 That 'mind me of a girl I knew, when life was always May,
 Who filled my nights with starry hopes that faded out by day,
 When time is full of wedding days, and nests of robins brim,
 Till overflows their wicker sides the old familiar hymn.
 The window brightens like an eye, the cottage door swings wide,
 The boys come homeward one by one, and bring a smiling bride.
 The fire-fly shows her signal light, the partridge beats his drum,
 And all the world gives promise of something sweet to come.

Ah! who would die on such a day?

Ah! who would die in May?

I would not die in June:

When, looking up with faces quaint, the pansies grace the sod;
And, looking down, the willows see their doubles in the flood.
When, blessing God, we breathe again the roses in the air;
And lilies light the fields along with their immortal wear,
As once they lit the sermon of the Saviour on the mount,
And glorified the story they evermore recount.
Through pastures green the flocks of God go trooping one by one,
And turn their golden fleeces round to dry them in the sun.
When, calm as Galilee, the grain is rippling in the wind,
And nothing dying anywhere but something that is sinned.
Ah! who would die in life's own noon?
Ah! who would die in June?

But when October comes,

And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires, that used to tell of snow;
And maples bursting into flame, set all the hills afire,
And summer, from the evergreens, sees paradise draw nigher.
A thousand sunsets all at once distill like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods, and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng—
He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong:
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms; June voices, when he speaks;
The elms lit bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand,—
See where they light the monarch on through all the splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is stuck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old;
For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword,
The Old Lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!

Ah! then October let it be,
I'll claim my dying day for thee!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

JOHN AND TIBBIE'S DISPUTE.

[A Scottish Impersonation.]

John Davidson and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did you see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"

"A moose?" "Ay, a moose." "Na, na, Guidman,—
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon wasna a rat! 'twas a moose!"

"I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw 't as plain as een could see 't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o' 't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips play'd smack;
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, Guidwife,
About a moose." "A what?
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear 't—
'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!" "'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she struck him ower the pow¹—
 "Ye dour² auld doit,³ tak' that—
 Gae to your bed, ye cankered sumph⁴—
 'Twas a rat!" "Twas a moose!" "Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose-caup at his heels,
 As he hirpled⁵ ben the hoose;
 Yet he shoosed oot his head as he steekit⁶ the door,
 And cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But, when the carle⁷ was fast asleep,
 She paid him back for that,
 And roar'd into his sleeping lug,⁸
 "'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi' me if I think
 It was a beast at a'!—
 Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
 She faund wee Johnny's ba'!

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

[A touching incident in the history of the Scotch Covenanters.]

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
 A crowd of people gathered in the street,
 Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
 And flashed into their faces. Then the door
 Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
 Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
 Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
 A woman full of tears and full of woes;
 The other was a maiden in her morn,
 And they were one in name, and one in faith,
 Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
 That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
 The people followed, ever falling back
 As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
 But in the midst the women simply went
 As if they two were walking, side by side,
 Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn,

¹ Head.
⁵ Limped.

² Stubborn.
⁶ Shut

³ Dolt.
⁷ Man.

⁴ Ill-natured fool.
⁸ Ear.

Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
 But as they went about their daily tasks:
 They went to prison and they went to death
 Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
 The troopers halted; all the shining sands
 Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had
 Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
 And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
 That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
 Drew nearer by a hairbreadth. "It will be
 A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
 As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
 Dismounted, and the people passing near
 Then heard the pardon offered, with the oath
 Renouncing and adjuring part with all
 The persecuted, covenanted fold.
 But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
 "Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
 We have no part with Him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Unto the farthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there;
 And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
 That He would firm uphold her in their midst
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
 There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag—
 Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
 And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood
 Waiting her doom delayed, said she would
 Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves. But ever to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
 "If God be for us, who can be against?"
 "Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
 "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
 A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
 "O, Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
 Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
 Gie in, and tak' the oath!"

The tide flowed in ;
 And so wore on the sunny afternoon ;
 And every fire went out upon the hearth,
 And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
 And still the tide was flowing in ;
 Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
 They turned young Margaret's face towards the sea,
 Where something white was floating—something
 White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave ;
 But as she looked it sank ; then showed again ;
 Then disappeared ; and round the shore
 And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson
 With cursing vowed that he would wait
 No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
 Down, and tied her hands ; and round her
 Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
 Windram came and loosed it while he whispered
 In her ear, " Come take the test, and ye are free,"
 And one cried, " Margaret, say but ' God save
 The King ! ' " " God save the King of His great grace,"
 She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
 And drove the people back and silenced them.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
 She sang the psalm, " To Thee I lift my soul ; "
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
 " To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
 The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
 She sang no more, but lifted up her face,—
 And there was glory over all the sky,
 And there was glory over all the sea—
 A flood of glory,—and the lifted face
 Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
 And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

BALTIMORE ELOCUTIONIST.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

[Intense description. Picture the scene, and give expression to the varying emotions. Employ the Scottish accent.]

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort !
 We knew that it was the last,
 That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
 And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the half-open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke, and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden—till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
And drew me near, and spoke:

"The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest o' them a'.

God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started; for they were there to die;
Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "The slogan's dune,
But can ye no hear them, noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream,
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*;
It came to our men like the voice of God;
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them in,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand; and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
And the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT LOWELL.

THE CLOWN'S STORY.

[Simple narration, marked by pathos near the close.]

Yes, that's my business, sir—a clown,
The saw-dust ring is life to me,
And spinning that old white hat by the crown
Is a sort of second nature, you see.

For thirty years I've been in the ring—
Thirty years, and I'll be bound;
This flight of time is a curious thing,
And here, another season's 'round.

No, nothing to do. Be seated, sir;
I'm fond of an hour's quiet chat;
And what with show-life's bustle and stir
It isn't a thing to be wondered at.

We've been on the road four months to-day,
The road, with its varied pleasure and strife;
And—beg your pardon, sir, what did you say?—
How do I like my calling in life?

Well, 't isn't the easiest thing in the world—
At least I haven't found it to be;
A man is tossed about and hurled
Here and there, like a bottle at sea.

But a fellow must live somehow, you know,
And pick up his bread as best he can;
And how could I do outside the show?
I think it would prove a difficult plan.

Then, too, in spite of the hardship and strife,
Of which, no doubt, it has its share,
There's a certain charm about the life
That steals upon me unaware.

Why, sir, as soon as the winter's past,
And I feel the warmer breath of spring,—
My pulses, even now, beat fast,
To scent again the air of the ring!

The canvas, sir, is the only place
In which I feel at home, you see;
And a brownstone front, with Brussels and lace,
Would be as bad as the Tombs for me!

Singular, isn't it? Yet I suppose
Whatever the life a man has led,
He learns to like it—the more when he knows
That by it he gets his butter and bread.

Always a clown? Well, no sir, no;
I've done a little in every line—
Was principal rider, years ago,
But fell one night and injured my spine.

Performed on the bar for a season or more,
And tumbled a while—till I hurt my hip;
That left me always a little sore—
I could clear twelve horses once, like a whip!

And then for a time I did the trapeze
With Tom—the show bills called us “brothers,”
And ’twasn’t, by Jove, much out of the way,
Though we did have different fathers and mothers!

I wish that some of these pious chaps,
Who’d think it a sin to shake hands with me,
Could have known poor Tom, and then, perhaps,
They’d have, in the future, more charity.

It happened that we were south that year,—
The fever was raging bad, they said;
And yet I had no thought of fear,
Until I saw Tom lying dead!

He seemed too young, too strong and brave,
To be thus early stricken down;
But strength don’t count against the grave;
So poor Tom went, and I turned clown.

That’s more than twenty years ago;
And since that sad time—let me see—
I’ve stuck with patience to the show,
And done what seemed the best to me.

I married, after poor Tom died,
As good a girl, as kind and true,
As ever pledged herself a bride,—
I count that more than looks, don’t you?

But she was beautiful as well,
With such rich, glorious, golden hair,
And eyes that held you like a spell,—
Such eyes!—like that blue heaven there!

Well, we were wed, and for a time
Our lives seemed one long summer day—
“As merry as a marriage chime,”—
I think that’s what the stories say.

But ah, how soon it ended, sir!
The road and canvas—life to me—
Proved all too rough and hard for her,
She drooped beneath the weight, you see.

I watched her, heavy-hearted fail;
I tried to think she would not die;
I saw her rounded cheek grow pale,—
The lustre fade from out her eye;

And then I knew all hope was past;
The days dragged by, with snail-like pace,—
Such days of anguish!—till, at last,
Death clasped her in his cold embrace.

Since then the years have come and gone;
I've scarcely marked them as they fled;
For from the day on which she died,
It seemed as though time, too, were dead.

My griefs, sometimes, have crushed me down,
But the world, of course, knows naught of that,
Who'd think of sorrow in a clown?
My business is to spin that hat!

I don't complain. The life I've led
Has had its dark and sunny page;
'Twas Shakspeare, wasn't it? who said
That "all the world is but a stage."

Well, that, I think, 's about my creed,
And 't wouldn't much have changed the thing
If Shakspeare had made the passage read
That "all the world is but a ring."

And so it is, sir! you and I
Are only playing different parts;
The Manager who rules on high
I think will judge men by their hearts.

I don't believe he'll even ask
What their calling was down here;
But only if they bore their task,
And kept a conscience straight and clear.

So, when the season here is through,
And I go to meet Him face to face,
If he finds a heart that has tried to be true,
Perhaps he'll give even the clown a place.

VANDYKE BROWN.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

[The Bold Boy of Glingall.]

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
 There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
 The deil a much time they allowed for repentance.
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,—
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead.
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
 An' by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he done : an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 And treachery prey on the blood of the best.
 Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousafid great dangers and toils everpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,

An' take your last look at her dim, lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,
An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered.
An' attorneys and criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined and big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,

An Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste;
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, no!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it 's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it 's himself was the crabbed ould chap.
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O judge! darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word!
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'
You don't know him, my lord,—oh, don't give him to ruin.
He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—oh, don't say the word!"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falter and break;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mountaining pride,
He conquered and mathered his grief's swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
For sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's better than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,

Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;
For I wish, when my head 's lyin' undher the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, and the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are you must die.
An' faster an' faster the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
An' whisky was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
An' be gorry, 't was thrue for him, for de'il sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'd come on.

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped to the ground;

Bang! bang! go the carbines, and clash go the sabres;
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—
 By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken,—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 And Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
 And the de'il's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be,
 In America, darlint, the land of the free.

SAMUEL LOVER.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

[The rustic character should be well drawn and sustained. Concealed emotion should manifest itself slightly at the close.]

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
 For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out—
 We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
 Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" says you? I swan! it's hard to tell;
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
 I have no other woman,—she has no other man;
 Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
 So, we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
 Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime—
 We've been gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
 Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
 I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
 And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember, whereon we disagreed,
 Was somethin' concerning heaven, a difference in our creed—
 We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
 And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we did'nt agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow ;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How ?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;
And when we were done a talkin' we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke,
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke ;—
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl ;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and had'n't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say—
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to 'help the thing along.

And there have been days together, and many a weary week,
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak ;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree ;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine,
And I'll put in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer, the very first paragraph,
Of all the farm and live-stock, she shall have her half—
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home ;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' toferable pay—
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at—
Put in another clause there, and I give her all of that.

I see you're smilin', sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon,—
I was hot as a basted turkey, and crazy as a loon,—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So, draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur,
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I were happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

W. M. CARLETON.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

[Picture the scene in the mind, and give it true expression.]

Like spectral hounds across the sky
The white clouds scud before the storm,
And naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And muttering growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light,—
Silent and awe-struck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud—the lonely man—
For every soul that night at sea;
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee,—
Young Charlie with his chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip,—
“May heaven look down,” the old man cries,
“Upon my son, and on his ship.”

While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom,—
He pauses, and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals to-night!
She cannot hold for one half-hour;
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power.

On the drenched gallery he stands
Striving to pierce the solid night;
Across the sea the red-eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light,
And where it falls upon the waves
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls,
A steady pull— It tightens now!
Oh, his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy!

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,
Still scud the clouds before the storm,
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
Without, the world is wild with rage,
Unkenneled demons are abroad;
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

[To be read in an earnest, sprightly manner. Avoid a rhythmic style.]

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town:
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse and rough,
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh.
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line—
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her
mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find;
And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her
eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth
he;
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
 And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
 Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
 And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
 And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
 And, "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
 But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news from loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
 Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street,
 "There is nothing worth doing that it does not do to try,"
 Thought the little black-eyed rebel from the corner of her eye.
 WILL CARLETON.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

[To be read with great determination and defiance. Employ *Thorough* and *Final Stress*.]

Blaze, with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low;
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
 I've scalped ye on the plain;
 Go, count your chosen where they fell
 Beneath my leaden rain!
 I scorn your proffered treaty!
 The pale-face I defy!
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
 And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
 Some to defend their all,—
 I battle for the joy I have
 To see the white man fall:
 I love, among the wounded,
 To hear his dying moan,
 And catch, while chanting at his side,
 The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
 Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
 And struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam;
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
 I scorn ye with mine eye,
 And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
 And fight ye till I die!
 I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
 And I ne'er will be your slave;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
 Till I sink beneath its wave!

G. W. PATTEN.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.

[The simple philosophy and originality exemplified in the following capital description of the habits and peculiarities of the African race furnish a reason for its insertion.]

When merry Christmas-day is done,
 And Christmas-night is just begun;
 While clouds in slow procession drift
 To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
 Yet linger overhead, to know
 What causes all the stir below;
 At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
 The darkeys hold high carnival.
 From all the country-side they throng,
 With laughter, shouts, and scraps of song—
 Their whole deportment plainly showing
 That to *the frolic* they are going.
 Some take the path with shoes in hand,

To traverse muddy bottom-land;
 Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
 Four on a mule, behold them ride!
 And ten great oxen draw apace
 The wagon from "de oder place,"
 With forty guests, whose conversation
 Betokens glad anticipation.
 Not so with him who drives: old Jim
 Is sagely solemn, hard and grim,
 And frolics have no joys for him.
 He seldom speaks, but to condemn—
 Or utter some wise apothegm—
 Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
 Talk to his team, as now he's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
 You alluz is a-laggin'—
 Mus' be you think I's dead,
 An' dis de huss you's draggin'—
 You's mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
 Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin, sah!
 De ladies don't submit 'at—
 Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
 You heah me tell you quit 'at?
 Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
Dat's what I's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behind
 De pollytishners haulin'
 Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox
 Te foller dat ar callin'
 An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
 But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Buck-kannon! Yes, sah,
 Sometimes dey will be stickin';
 An' den, fus ting dey knows,
 Dey takes a rale good lickin'—
 De folks gits down: an' den watch out
 For hammerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
 Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
 Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
 An' pruzntly dey sails up,
 An' makes dem oxen hump deysel,
 By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink,
'Tis books that show us how to think—
The rule reversed, and set at naught,
That held that books were born of thought;
We form our minds by pedants' rules;
And all we know is from the schools;
And when we work, or when we play,
We do it in an ordered way—
And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
Whene'er she dares transgress a canon.
Untrammelled thus the simple race is
That "works the craps" on cotton-places!
Original in act and thought,
Because unlearned and untaught.
Observe them at their Christmas party,
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do,
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter-race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gatherin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does—you knows it's Christmas-
night;
An' all de balance ob de yeah we does as right's we kin—
Ef dancin's wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd—workin' hard, an' workin' true—
Now, shorely you won't notus ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leettle holiday—a leettle restin'-spell—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame of min' we's gwine to dance an' sing;
A feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly *ought* to dance when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees:
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isruel's prophet King;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to help us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de best' we knows—
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flowe'r bekase it aint de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
 Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
 An' let de blessin' stay wid us untill we comes to die,
 An' goes to keep our Chiismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshus anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
 Our voices we's a-trainin' fer to sing de glory tune;
 We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter when—
 O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
 When all the noise begins anew,
 And with such force assaults the ears,
 That through the din one hardly hears
 Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A"—
 Correct the pitch—begin to play—
 Stop, satisfied—then, with the bow,
 Rap out the signal dancers know.

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!
 Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
 Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
 Gwine to git to home bime-by."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitely—
 Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
 Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back agin!—don't be so slow—
Swing cornaks!—min' de figgers:
 When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
 Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, I's sober—
 Kaint say how de fiddle am—
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
 Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
 Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'wa'd!—when you's ready—
 Make a bow as low 's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
 Now we'll let you swap agin:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
 Do yo' talkin arter while—
Right an' left!—don't want no walkin—
 Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
 Determined by the dancers' strength;
 And all agree to yield the palm
 For grace and skill, to "Georgy Sam,"
 Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
 "Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
 "De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
 Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
 On, on, the restless fiddle sounds—
 Still chorused by the curs and hounds—
 Dance after dance succeeding fast,
 Till *supper* is announced at last.
 That scene—but why attempt to show it?
 The most inventive modern poet,
 In fine new words, whose hope and trust is,
 Could form no phrase to do it justice!
 When supper ends—that is not soon—
 The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
 The dancers pound the floor again,
 With all they have of might and main;
 Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
 Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
 Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
 That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
 Each drowsy baby droops its head,
 Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
 So wears the night; and wears so fast,
 All wonder when they find it passed,
 And hear the signal sound, to go,
 From whai few cocks are left to crow.
 Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
 "Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
 And gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"
 Responding to the welcome call,
 He takes the banjo from the wall,
 And tunes the strings with skill and care—
 Then strikes them with a master's air;
 And tells in melody and rhyme,
 This legend of the olden time:

Go'way, fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
 Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't yo' heah de banjo talkin'.
 About de 'possums tail she's goin' to lecter—ladies, listen!—
 About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
 Fur Noah took de *Herald*, an' he read de ribber column—
 An' so he sot his hands to work a'clarin' timber-patches,
 An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
 An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin, an' a-pshawin';
 But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen;
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-droppin'.

Now, Noah had done caught a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es—
 Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
 He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
 An' drew 'em board de ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebbby,
 De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbec;
 De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
 An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin';
 De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';—
 De sarpints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what wid all de fussin',
 You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger what was runnin' on de packet,
 Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
 An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
 An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws, an' apron;
 An' fitted in a proper neck—'twas berry long an' tap'rin';
 He tuk some tin, and twisted him a thimble for to ring it;
 An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
 De ha'r's so long, an' thick an' strong,—des fit for banjo-stringin';
 Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces!
 An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de
 wedder"—
 She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
 Some went to patten'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers—
 An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slighes'
 showin'
 Ob any ha'r at all upon de possum's tail a-growin';
 An' curi's, too,—dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
 For whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de possum.

The night is spent; and as the day
 Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
 The guests pursue their homeward way;
 And through the field beyond the gin,
 Just as the stars are going in,
 See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
 His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
 His work is done—he fain would rest,
 Where people know and love him best—
 He pauses—listens—looks about—
 But go he must: his pass is out;
 So, coughing down the rising tears,
 He climbs the fence and disappears.
 And thus, observes a colored youth—
 (The common sentiment, in sooth):
 “Oh, what a blessin’ ’twu’d ha’ been
 Ef Santy had been born a twin!
 We’d hab two Chrismusses a yeah—
 Or p’r’aps *one* brudder ’d *settle* heah!”

IRWIN RUSSELL.

ON THE ICE.

[Purely conversational. Impersonate the several characters, and let the interruptions be sudden and wholly unexpected.]

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my “cold molasses style” of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, “I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic,”—that was all; but I heard some one bumping down the steps in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me on the slippery sidewalk, strode two independent knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say: “I have only my two hands to depend on; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my

own canoe. I believe I can make my own way through the world"—his feet slipped out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinees," and he was grateful for the interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madame Anna Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your—" he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed by she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court-house next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one, "Judge Foster would rule that out. We must concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if evidence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our firm stand, and—" his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. /What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[Effusive—gentle force—slow time.]

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
 Pale are the lips, of delicate mould—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.
 Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
 Cross his hands on his bosom now,
 Somebody's darling is stiff and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take,
 They were somebody's pride you know.
 Somebody's hand hath rested there;
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love,
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
 Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and noon on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
 And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

WAR LYRICS OF THE SOUTH.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

[A prize poem. When used as a recitation, a sprig of blossoms in the hand will heighten the effect.]

I.

Hush! the world is in a dream,
 All her winter grief forgetting;
 Faintly sighs the hidden stream,
 Through the orchard-grasses fretting.

Low beneath our loitering feet
Trickling dews are softly sinking;
Never was a draught so sweet
As the apple roots are drinking.

II.

Here, among the violets blue,
Just at noon I lay a-musing;
Overhead the robins flew,
With their songs the winds confusing;
Here and there a lark I heard,
Some new solo gaily trying;
Half I thought I was a bird,
Lazy-winged and tired of flying.

III.

While I lay and watched a mist,
White and feathery, roll above me,
Suddenly my lips were kissed—
“Ah!” said I, “the fairies love me!”
So I looked around to see:
Lo! a little golden lady
Flitted past me, swift and free,
To an arbor, green and shady.

IV.

There I lost the sprightly elf;
Golden ladies all around her
Fluttered, till the King himself
Never, never could have found her.
Every fairy had a crown,
Dazzling as a lighted taper;
Every fairy had a gown,
Fleecy as a morning vapor.

V.

Every fairy's veil of white
Glistened through the orchard-spaces;
And their eyes were all so bright
That I could not see their faces.
Flying, flickering, floating high,
All my sleepy senses dazing,—
Just as if the sunlit sky
'Neath the apple-tree were blazing!

VI.

Straightway all the boughs began
Such a wavy, gentle motion,
As if rushing ripples ran
O'er them from an airy ocean.

Then I saw their leaves uncurl,—
 Green, with little, ruddy tinges,
 Many a silver-shining pearl
 Dripping from their glossy fringes.

VII.

Floating, flaming, flickering far—
 Who a fairy's flight could hinder?
 Downward like a shooting star,
 Upward like a fiery cinder!
 All at once—a golden flock—
 On a verdant bough they centred;
 I could see it rock and rock,
 Like a flower a bee has entered.

VIII.

Why, the very waves below,
 Round the roots in darkness creeping,
 Up the tree made haste to go,
 Out among the branches leaping!
 Warm and warmer at the heart
 Of the bough such tides went rushing,
 Ruby buds began to start—
 Oh, you should have seen them blushing!

IX.

All the green leaves crowding through,
 Till the very shades looked sunny—
 Wondrously they grew and grew,
 Every bud a cup of honey!
 Then I saw them open slow,
 Loth to leave their dreamy dozing,
 Crimson petals edged with snow
 Lightly, tenderly unclosing.

X.

Ah! how fragrant every one!
 Here's the bough—the fairies found it;
 For I saw them in the sun
 Float and flicker all around it.
 Downward like a falling star,
 Upward like a flaming cinder,
 Flying fast and flitting far—
 Who a flash of light could hinder?

XI.

Steeped in sunshine, bathed in dew,
 Rosy-rich with life and leisure—
 See, I pluck the branch for you;
 Was there ever such a treasure?

There will come a day of gloom,
 Autumn-winds will hurry hither;
 Other boughs will lose their bloom—
This will never fade or wither.

XII.

When the birds forget their glee,
 When the winter frowns above you,
 You may smile these buds to see,
 Thinking how the fairies love you.
 Nay—the idle dream put by—
 For the bough hath greater glory;
 With the angels, by and by,
 You shall hear a sweeter story.

XIII.

Such a beating heart of love.
 Set the hidden waters flowing,
 Sent their gentle tides above,
 Through the apple-branches going,
 Such a smile of golden light
 Kissed their fragrant lips asunder,
 That you see them red and white,
 Half for love and half for wonder.

AMANDA T. JONES.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

[Purely conversational style.]

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
 Gone to the country-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
 We lived 'n the log house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
 Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
 How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
 Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
 When I rode forth with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
 The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
 The old folks made me welcome; they were as kind as kind could be;
 But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad,
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man was gone.
Nearer, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped
along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day;
Pushing on East to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the West,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennesseee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennesseee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother 'd do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly,—
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day
and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride ! but they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast ;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how ;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow ;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle !

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high ;
Baby and I were crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me ;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir ; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle ;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well ;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah ! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her !

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

THE DEMON SHIP.

[To be read in a vivid, intense descriptive style, with impersonation at the close.]

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black and
grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim ;
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
 With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
 Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
 Oh! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
 What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
 What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps behind!
 Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
 Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
 But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
 As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
 A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:—
 Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
 Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
 With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
 As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
 Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
 It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
 Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
 I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
 I saw its Alpine hoary head impending over mine!
 Another pulse—and down 't rushed—an avalanche of brine!
 Brief pause had I on God to cry or think of wife and home;
 The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam!
 Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

.
 "Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
 And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
 A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
 But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
 A face that mocked the human face before me watched alone;
 But were those eyes the eyes of *man* that looked against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
 As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursed night!
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
 Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
 Strong enemies, with Judas' looks, of treachery and spite—
 Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
 Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs;
 All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
 Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
 But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

- * His cheek was black, his brow was black, his eyes and hair as dark:
 His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plowed the inky waves!
"Alas! I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's ship, upon the Devil's sea!"

Loud laughed that sable mariner, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern;
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce,
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like demons of the pit.
They crowed their fill, and then the chief made answer for the whole:
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields,
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

THOMAS HOOD.

GRANNY'S TRUST.

[Simple narration—gentle force.]

Dear Grannie is with us no longer;
Her hair, that was white as the snow,
Was parted one morning forever,
On her head lying soft and low;
Her hands left the Bible wide open,
To tell us the road she had trod,
With waymarks like footsteps to tell us
The path she had gone up to God.

No wonderful learning had Grannie;
She knew not the path of the stars,
Nor aught of the comet's wide cycle,
Nor of Nebula's dim cloudy bars;
But she knew how the wise men adoring,
Saw a star in the East long ago;
She knew how the first Christmas anthems
Came down to the shepherds below.

She had her own test, I remember,
 For the people whoe'er they might be.
 When we spoke of the strangers about us
 But lately come over the sea,
 Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," and "Jamie,"
 And stately old "Esselcy Oakes,"
 She listened and whispered it softly,
 "My dear, are these friends meetin'-folks?"

When our John went away to the city
 With patrons, whom all the world knew
 To be sober and honest great merchants,
 For Grannie this all would not do;
 Till she pulled at John's sleeve in the twilight,
 To be certain, before he had gone;
 And he smiled as he heard the old question,
 "Are you sure they are meetin'-folks, John?"

When Minnie came home from the city,
 And left heart and happiness there,
 I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
 With her dear wrinkled hands on her hair;
 And amid the low sobs of the maiden,
 Came softly the tremulous tone,
 "He wasn't like meetin'-folks, Minnie;
 Dear child, you are better alone."

And now from the corner we miss her,
 And hear that reminder no more;
 But still, unforgotten, the echo
 Comes back from that far-away shore,
 Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
 Though Charity sweet has her due,
 Yet we feel, if we want to meet Grannie,
 'Twere best to be meetin'-folks too.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

[An incident of the flood in Massachusetts, May 16th, 1874. Impassioned style.]

No song of a soldier riding down
 To the raging fight of Winchester town;
 No song of a time that shook the earth
 With the nation's throe at a nation's birth;

But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked,—free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay,—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill,
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
“Hark to the sound of his hoofs,” they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! What was that, like a human shriek,
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak;
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
“To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!”

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
 The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
 The basin that nourished their happy homes
 Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!
 A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
 Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
 Of the dwellings they shatter,—white-maned and hoarse,
 The merciless terror fills the course
 Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
 With death on the first of its hissing waves,
 Till cottage and street and crowded mill
 Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
 In front of the roaring flood is heard
 The galloping horse and the warning word.
 Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
 From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
 To race with the flood and to take the road
 In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
 For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
 But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
 "*They must be warned!*" was all he said,
 As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
 To this Yankee rider; send him down
 On the stream of time with the Cur'ius old:
 His deed, as the Roman's was brave and bold.
 And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
 For he offered his life for the people's sake.

J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE ANNUITY.

[From "Legal Lyrics," a Scottish book published for private distribution. Employ a slight accent, and strongly bring out the points of humor.]

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a waesome wife
 'Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
 And,—I was sae left to mysel',—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
 She just was turned o' saxty-three—
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet as stieve as stane—
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined' awa' to bane and skin,
 But that, it seems, is nought to me;
 She's like to live—although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
 She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;
 But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
 For an insurance company;
 Her chance o' life was stated there,
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.
 But tables here or tables there,
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,
 An's like to live a dozen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast,
 I thought a kink might set me free—
 I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
 But de'il ma' care—the blast gaed by
 And miss'd the auld anatomy—
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye
 Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough o' cholera,
 Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity!
 She doesna need—she's fever proof—
 The pest walked o'er her very roof—
 She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
 A compound fracture as could be—
 Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.

It's cured! She handles't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale—
 But I'm a broken man mysel'
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
 Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
 She beats the toads that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity!
 They die when they're exposed to air—
 They canna thole the atmosphere—
 But her!—expose her onywhere—
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
 Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
 I'd justify 't—an' do it tae.
 But how to fell a withered wife
 That's carved out o' the tree of life—
 The timmer limmer dares the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
 Her vital parts are hid frae me;
 Her backbone wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
 She's palsified—an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't,
 It's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not
 Within a mile o' loch or sea;
 Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.
 It's fitter far to hang the rope—
 It draws out like a telescope;
 'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
 To settle her annuity.

Will poison do it? It has been tried;
 But, be 't in hash or fricassee,
 That's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
 It's needless to assail her doubts,
 She gangs by instinct—like the brutes,—
 An' only eats and drinks what suits
 Heisel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;
 She's ninety-four. Let them who can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the flood—
 She's come o' patriarchal blood,
 She's some auld Pagan mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and oot—
 She's sauted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snoot
 Sae caper-like an' cruety.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
 They've kyanized the useless knir,
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me;
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm charged for her annuity.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

[Make a broad distinction between the description and the supplication, and let the change in the last stanza be marked.]

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean,
 Gathering might from each mountain and glen,—
 Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
 Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men:
 Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
 Groan, as they gazed from their crimes to the sky:—
 "Father! the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

"Look on us, wanderers, sinful and lowly,
 Struggling with grief and temptation below;
 Thine is the goodness o'er everything holy,—
 Thine is the mercy to pity our woe,—

Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us,
 Spotless and pure as the angels on high:—
 Father! the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
 Lovers of mammon, and followers of fame,
 All with the same solid burden are laden,
 Lifting their souls to that one mighty name:—
 "Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
 On the broad waters the black shadows lie,—
 Father! the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
 Heave with Jehovah's mysterious breath;
 Why should we shrink from the billows' commotion?
 Jesus is walking the waters of death.
 Angels are mingling with men in the chorus,—
 Rising, like incense, from earth to the sky:—
 "Father! the billows grow brighter before us,
 Heaven with its mansions eternal draws nigh."
 JAMES G. CLARK.

THE SARACEN BROTHERS.

[Saladin, the celebrated Sultan of Syria and Egypt, was a man of noble, generous disposition, which characteristic feature is finely brought out in this touching scene. He lived in the twelfth century.]

Attendant—A stranger craves admittance to your Highness.

Saladin—Whence comes he?

Attendant—That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
 His countenance is hidden; but his step,
 His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
 Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

Saladin—Whom?

Attendant—Thy royal brother!

Saladin—Bring him instantly. [*Exit attendant.*]

Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
 Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
 To dissipate my anger. He shall die!

[*Enter attendant and Malek Adhel.*]

Leave us together. [*Exit attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I should know
 that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel—Behold it, then!

Saladin—I see a traitor's visage.

Malek Adhel—A brother's!

Saladin—No!

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Malek Adhel—O, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Saladin—And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?

O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he, by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship; and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him!

Malek Adhel—Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—
My tongue can never utter the base title!

Saladin—Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee; for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O what a wretch art thou! O! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Malek Adhel—Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Saladin—That were an end
Too noble for a traitor ! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish ! Thou shalt die !

Malek Adhel—And death were welcome at another's mandate !
What, what have I to live for ? Be it so,
If that in all thy armies can be found
An executing hand.

Saladin—O, doubt it not !
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Malek Adhel—Defer not, then, their wishes. *Saladin*,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer :—O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing !
Let me die speedily !

Saladin—This very hour !
[*Aside*]—For, O, the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness ; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance ;
And vengeance it shall have ! What, ho ! who waits there ?

[*Enter attendant.*]

Attendant—Did your Highness call ?

Saladin—Assemble quickly
My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom traitor,
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers.

[*Exit attendant.*]

Malek Adhel—Now, *Saladin*,
The word is given ; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue—
One wish still clinging round the heart ; which soon
Not even that shall torture. Will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave ?

Saladin—Speak, then, but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.

Malek Adhel—I have not !

Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
 This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
 The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
 None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
 Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
 Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
 Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
 Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
 Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
 Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
 But now I ask,—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
 I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
 From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—
 O, torturing recollection!—one kind word
 From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
 Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
 Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?—
 Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
 Let me not see this unforgiving man
 Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
 Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
 One little word, whose cherished memory
 Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
 Yet, yet thou wilt! O, turn thee, Saladin!
 Look on my face,—thou canst not spurn me then;
 Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
 For the last time, and call him—

Saladin—(*Seizing his hand*,—Brother! brother!

Malek Adhel—(*Breaking away*)—Now call thy followers;
 Death has not now

A single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.

Saladin—O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
 To pardon him who found one single error,
 One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
 Of glorious qualities—

Malek Adhel—O, stay thee, Saladin!

I did not ask for life. I only wished
 To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
 No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
 Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
 Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
 What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
 Should expiate his offences with his life.

Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
 Thy just impartiality. I go,
 Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
 To thy proud wreath of glory.

Saladin—Thou shalt not.

Attendant—My lord, the troops assembled by your order
 Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death

[*Going.*]

[*Enter attendant.*]

Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Malek Adhel—O faithful friends!—(*To attendant*)—Thine shalt,

Attendant—Mine? Never!

The other first shall lop it from the body.

Saladin—They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant—O joyful news!

I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor.

[*Exit.*]

Saladin—These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who cannot, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forget
That 't was to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 't is shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Malek Adhel—By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

THE HARVEST OF RUM.

[See *Apostrophe to Cold Water* for an incident in the life of the eloquent Paul Denton, author of the following stirring lines.]

Streaming down the ages, blighting the rosebuds, shriveling the grasses, scorching the heart and blistering the soul, has come a lurid tongue of flame which, heated by the madness of hell, has hissed out the terrors of death and dropped over the earth a sea of unutterable woe. In the darkness of midnight it has gathered intensity of brightness, and glared about the hearthstones, wet with the weeping of wives, mothers, and children, and bronzed the beauty of earth with the horrid cast of hell. Twisting around the altar of the church, it has wreathed the sweetest flowers that ever attempted to bloom for the adornment of heaven, and has fed death from the very waters of life; at the very door of heaven itself it has glowed with appalling madness and been almost an impassable wall of flame between misery and bliss.

Dripping burning drops of agony into the tenderest depths of writhing souls, they have wailed and wept and hissed unutterable despair, and pleaded with God to blot them from existence forever. This blighting, glowing, burning, damning curse of the world is the demon Intemperance. Language has never been made that can depict it in all its hideousness. Look on that stack of skeletons that rears its ghastly form—an insult to God—high in the clouds, and shapes the whistling winds into an utterance of withering denunciation of the fiery monster that gnawed and scalded and burned and tore the mangled, bleeding flesh from those bones and tossed them into that revolting pile!

Come, ye writhing, pleading, suffering souls that were robbed of heaven by this sparkling tempter, and cast the black shadow of your wretchedness upon the faces of the living! Oh, graves, give up your bloated, festering millions, and stretch them, in all their rum-scorched ghastliness, over the plains and mountain-tops! Come forth, ye torn, haggard, and bleeding souls, from the time of Noah until to-night! Hold up your bony, withered, skeleton

hands, ye countless millions of starved and starving women and children! Come, all the floods of agonizing tears that scorched as the lurid fires of hell where'er they touched, and boil, and blubber, and foam, and hiss in one vast steaming, seething ocean! Come, death, and hell, and agony, with your harvest, garnered from the still and the brewery, and let us mass them in one black, horrifying portraiture of the damned. And let it tell to the shuddering, trembling souls what language never can.

PAUL DENTON.

THE GLADIATOR.

[Endeavor to give this thrilling sketch in a natural manner, with clearness, force and energy. Strive to make your hearers *feel* as well as *understand*.]

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offence? Why, forsooth! I am a *Christian*. But know, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamant rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard

to proceed from the cage of a half famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

WRECK OF THE HURON.

(NOVEMBER 24, 1877.)

[Extract from a lecture by the REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.]

A few days ago there went out from our Brooklyn Navy Yard a man-of-war, the Huron. She steamed down to Hampton Roads, dropped anchor for further orders, and then went on southward—one hundred and thirty-six souls on board—and the life of the humblest boy in sailor's jacket as precious as the life of the commander.

There were storms in the air, the jib-stay had been carried away; but what cares such a monarch of the deep for a hurricane! All's well at twelve o'clock at night! Strike eight bells! All's well at one o'clock in the morning! Strike two bells! How the water tosses from the iron prow of the Huron as she seems moving irresistibly on! If a fishing smack came in her way she would ride it down and not know she touched it.

But, alas! through the darkness she is aiming for Nag's Head! What is the matter with the compasses? At one o'clock and forty minutes there is a harsh grating on the bottom of the ship, and the cry goes across the ship, "What's the matter?" Then the sea lifts up the ship to let her fall on the breakers—shock! shock! shock! The dreadful command of the captain rings across the deck and is repeated among the hammocks, "All hands save

the ship!" Then comes the thud of the axe in answer to the order to cut away the mast. Overboard go the guns. They are of no use in this battle with the wind and wave.

Heavier and heavier the vessel falls till the timbers begin to crack. The work of death goes on, every surge of the sea carrying more men from the forecandle, and reaching up its briny fingers to those hanging in the rigging. Numb and frozen, they hold on and lash themselves mast, while some, daring each other to the undertaking, plunge into the beating surf and struggle for the land. Oh, cruel sea! Pity them, as bruised, and mangled, and with broken bones, they make desperate efforts for dear life. For thirty miles along the beach the dead of the Huron are strewn, and throughout the land there is weeping and lamentation and great woe.

A surviving officer of the vessel testifies that the conduct of the men was admirable. It is a magnificent thing to see a man dying at his post, doing his whole duty. It seems that every shipwreck must give to the world an illustration of the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice—men daring all things to save their fellows. Who can see such things without thinking of the greatest deed of these nineteen centuries, the pushing out of the Chieftain of the universe to take the human race off the wreck of the world?

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.

[Study to give natural expression to the following terrible, vivid pen-picture, which may well illustrate the *power of habit*.]

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand

has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howles, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand, The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails,

would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain and opens like a wave.

VICTOR HUGO.

AN INTERESTING TRAVELING COMPANION.

[M. Quad, a literary gentleman connected with the *Detroit Free Press*, having taken charge of a lady in a railroad car, gives the following account of the pleasures of his journey.]

Many men think a railroad journey is rendered really pleasant by the companionship of an unprotected female. She insisted on counting her bandbox and traveling bag as we got seated. She counted. There were just two. I counted and made no more nor less. Then she wanted her parasol put into the rack, her shawl folded up, and her bandbox counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one bandbox of it. As we got started she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I was sure. Then she wanted her traveling bag counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted the window up, and asked me if it was not a very hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money and found it was safe, though she was sure she had lost it. While counting it she related how Mrs. Graff, in going East five years ago, lost her purse and three dollars. She wound up the story by asking me if it was n't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted that bandbox counted, and I counted him. He was still one bandbox. There was a pause of five minutes, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if we were on the right road to Detroit. I assured her that I was positive of the fact. The brakeman here called out the name

of a station in such an indistinct manner that the lady wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Calumet. She wanted to know if I was sure that it was Calumet, and I put my hand on my sacred heart and assured her that I would perish sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted the traveling bag counted, and I counted her. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. We got along very well for the next half hour, as I got her to narrating a story about how she got lost in the woods eighteen years before; but as soon as she finished it she wanted to know if I were sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I told her that I hoped to perish with the liars if we were not, and she was satisfied. Then the parasol fell down; she wanted me to change a ten-cent piece, and the window had to go down. When we got down to Marshall she wanted to know if the place wasn't named after court-martial, and whether it wasn't barely possible that the station was Niles, instead of Marshall. The handbox was counted again, and he was just one. Then the window went up, and she asked me if, in my opinion, it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was. Then she related a story about her uncle, another about a young lady who had been deaf several years. During that day I counted that handbox three hundred times, raised the window thirty times, said it was a hot day until my tongue was blistered, arranged that parasol twenty-one times, got her sixteen drinks of water, and inquired the names of thirteen stations. She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger could place confidence; and I dared not reply, for fear of bringing out another story. When we reached Detroit, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the cars, got her a hack, directed her to a hotel, told her the street, price, name of the landlord, head waiter, porter, and cook; assured her that she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Detroit had a population of one hundred thousand; that the fall term of school had commenced; that all Detroit hack drivers were honest and obliging. Poor woman, I hope the landlord did not get out of patience with her artless ways.

MORNING.

[The following extract is a most eloquent passage of descriptive reading. Employ the highest qualities of voice in its rendition.]

As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

EDWARD EVERETT.

IMITATION.

[This should be given in a natural manner, and in such a way as will bring out all the strokes of humor in the piece.]

When I was the dirtiest little towhead—and I am sure that dirt is no disgrace—that tramped to the village school, a traveling phrenologist declared that my bump of imitation covered two-thirds of my cranium, and as the days waned the aforesaid bump fully developed itself. My father used to tell me that

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,”

and I at once proceeded to imitate great men, that my existence might be as sublime as anybody's.

I began on Washington upon whose acts I enlarged somewhat. I took my little hatchet, crept to the young orchard of cherry and peach and leveled it to the ground. My bump of imitation was at work. My sire discovered the deed, and when he asked me regarding the authorship I forgot a portion of the Washington story and swore I did n't know anything about it. But my "little hatchet" condemned me. Particles of the soft young bark adhered to it, and you would n't take the application of peach and cherry that I got for all the lives of G. W. published since the death of old Weems.

Then I resolved to imitate Alexander. We had a fine colt, as fiery as Vesuvius and as untamed as Mazeppa's Tartar. He should be Bucephalus, I his Alexander. While the old folks were absent I bridled the colt with difficulty, led him from the stable, and drove my spurs into his flanks. He snorted; his posterior extremities shot upward at the sun, and I described a faultless parabola over his head. Bucephalus had conquered his Alexander. Ancient history had been reversed. An hour afterward they picked me up with a broken arm, a dislocated collar-bone, almost scalped, and a nose knocked forty miles for Sunday. The physicians hoped, for my own good, that the bump of imitation had been spoiled; but subsequent actions declared its faculties unimpaired.

When quite young, father had impressed upon my childish mind the life of Benjamin Franklin, how worthy of imitation it was; and when I recovered from the Bucephalian exploit, I resolved to please the old man by imitating Ben. I made a kite, painted B. F.'s nice sayings all over it, stole the door key and went out into the fields to jerk the lightning from the clouds. I succeeded; a little flash of fire ran down the string and knocked me senseless. For hours they thought me dead; but I recovered with a hairless cranium. I wasn't done with Franklin yet. You know he walked through Philadelphia once with six loaves of bread under his arm, three loaves in his mouth and a handful of ginger cakes. I resolved to thus imitate the postmaster sage: I got my sister to stand in the door and play the young lady who laughed at

Ben. But where was I to get the bread. Our cupboard happened to be as bare as Mother Hubbard's famous larder. A lucky thought struck me. I resorted to the bakery, sent the baker into the oven to see if the mince pies were done, grabbed my paraphernalia and started. I tell you I cut a figure going down town with six loaves of bread under my arms, and sister shamed me just like the girl shamed Franklin. Suddenly somebody cried "Stop thief!" and I saw the baker coming at me. I ran under the bed and let the curtain down; but it was no use. The brute broke up the didactic entertainment, and it cost our folks about fifty dollars to keep me from going with the sheriff. It taught them a lesson, however, to furnish their offspring with bread. That moral saved me a birching. The bump of imitation was still "up to snuff."

Then I fell back on Columbus for want of modern examples. I read how he made the egg stand on end. It was near Easter, and the boys had laid in the usual supply of ovate "bivalves." I bet that I could make an egg stand on its beam ends. They staked a dozen of bivalves on the proposition. I simply played Columbus, and the little rascals swore it was n't fair. I reached for the stakes, and got them, too—all over me. I was a walking specimen of unadulterated egg-nog. Then they licked me, and that dilapidated ear had been whole were it not for Columbus's foolishness. The imitation bump will never leave me.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

[This beautiful piece of prose, though old, will be new to many of the readers of this volume. Years ago it was found in the school books, and it is on this account familiar to many older people, while but few of our youth have had the opportunity to enjoy the beauties of thought contained therein.]

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here

refreshing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation of the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eye toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, but who was in reality a being of superior nature. I drew near with profound reverence, and fell down at his feet. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock; and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other end?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more atten-

tively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the ends of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling match on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with weapons, who ran to and fro on the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle-arches." "These," said

the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, and love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death?" The genius being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate. I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth in an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers.

Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears dotted as far as thou canst see it, are more in number than the sands on the seashore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eyes, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure

of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O, Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

JOSEPH ADDISON, *in the Spectator*.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

[Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubenstein, and gives the following description of his playing:]

Well, sir, he had the biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin' and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-leede'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin'

one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a do'in of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd splilt their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made the brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along

down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun did n't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

The sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There was n't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blamed thing, and yet I did n't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I could n't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I did n't want anybody to be gazen at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry to a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hol-lered: "*Go it, my Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house ris on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that could n't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say "Much obleeged; but I'd rather you would n't interup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knocht her down and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he would n't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you

could n't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he would n't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he would n't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' came down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler cart, roodle—oodle—oodle—oodle—ruddle—uddle—uddle—uddle—raddle—addle—addle—addle—riddle—iddle—iddle—iddle—reedle—eedle—eedle—eedle—p-r-r-r-r-r—lank! Bang!!! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r!!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

A DAY AT NIAGARA.

[It is exceedingly difficult to give proper expression to a really humorous prose article. The fine touches of humor must be *felt* by the reader, and he must thoroughly appreciate them before he can give them with effect. At the close of the selection, when impersonating the man in the eddy, the voice should be used with great effort—breathlessly—with frequent pauses, catching the breath. This will secure an effective rendering of the piece.]

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently for the first time and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls, that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there, about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door, they will be blacked, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instructions to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horses to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employees to charge for commodities or services."

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; a sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade

that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery; and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement,—especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of the dusky

maiden, the pride of the Forest. Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of by-gone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, 'll eat ye?"

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—the paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven up, and a vain modern expense for soap unknown to your glorious ancestors have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-day!—and Horace Greely! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter snipes"—

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagyard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings, and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horse-shoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course, I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please?"

"Not for Joe."

When I came round again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my

custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me; but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over; but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

[The reading of this, to be effective, must show on the part of the reader some degree of excitement. A slight display of nervousness, added to a doleful tone, will give greater emphasis.]

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Auntie Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

U. S. truly.

Gracious Goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though: *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, its just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

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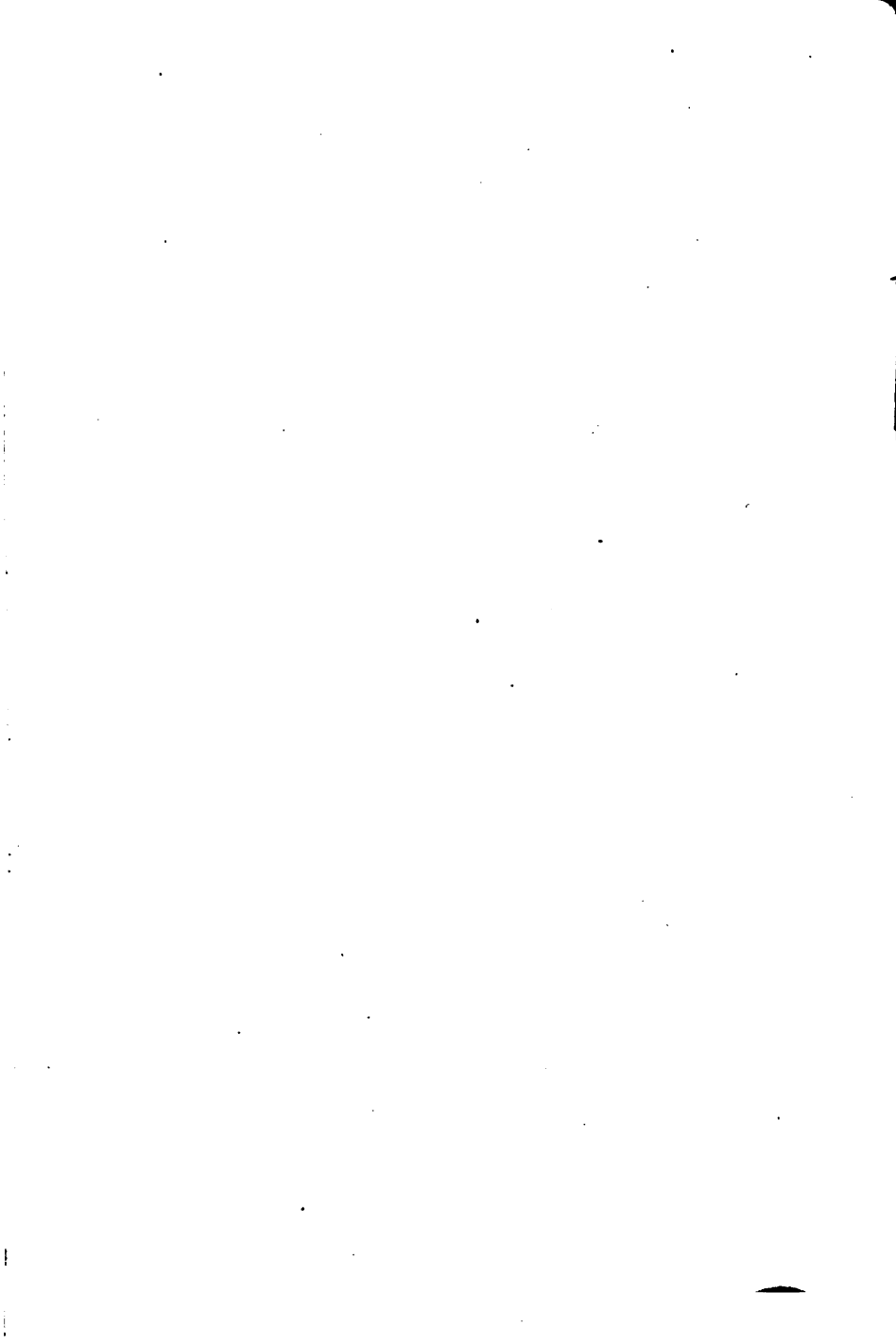
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